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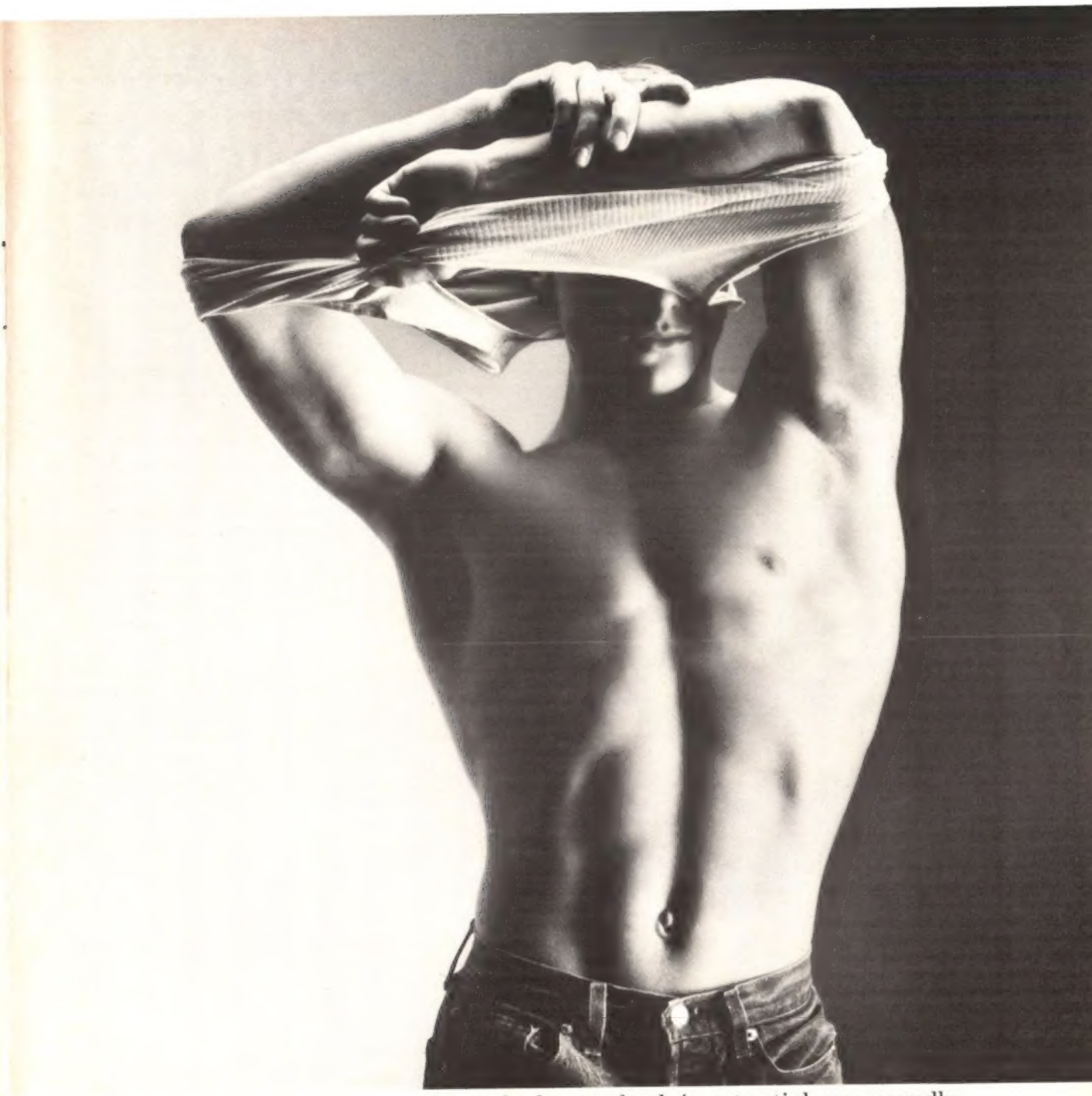

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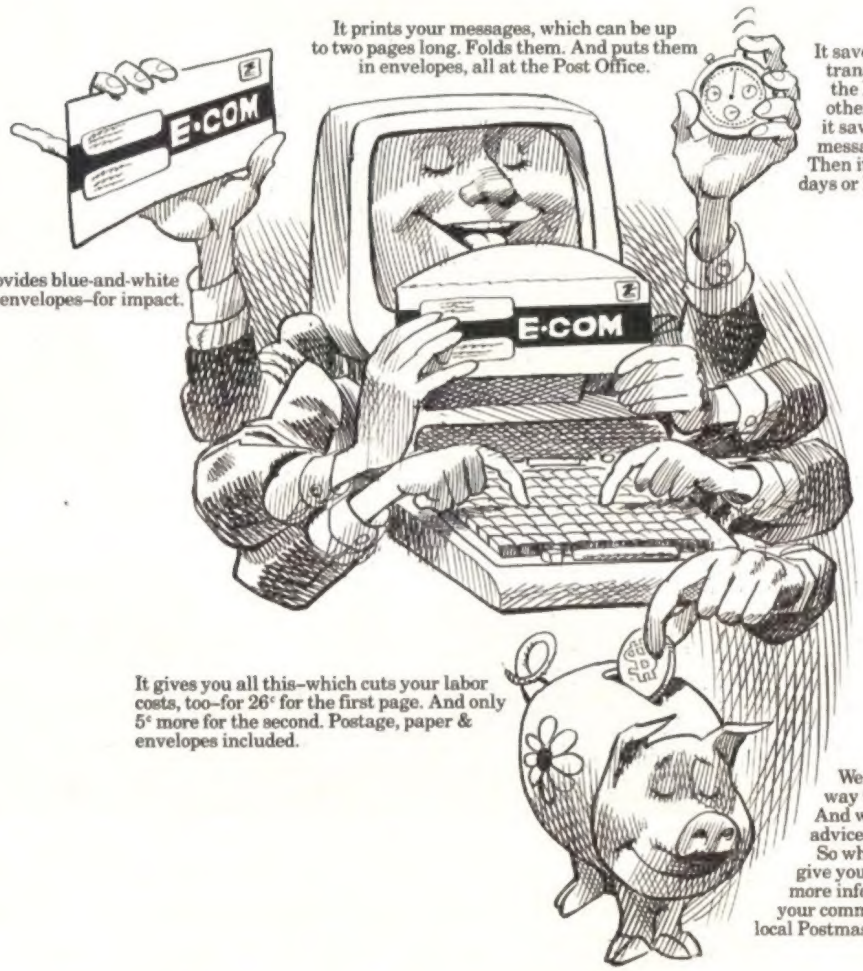

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JULY 11, 1983 Vol. 122 No. 2 TIME THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Ever since Apple introduced the first commercially successful microcomputer in 1976, TIME has been faithfully chronicling the fortunes of the many small electronics companies that all seem to have been conceived in garages and nurtured around Boston or in California's Silicon Valley. This week's cover story, however, looks in another direction. It treats a very large, relatively old, traditional high-tech company, headquartered in New York's Hudson Valley, that has staged a spectacularly successful invasion of the personal-computer market: IBM, the once and future colossus. Says Business Editor George M. Taber, who supervised the story: "After telling the troubles of corporate behemoths like General Motors and U.S. Steel, it is refreshing to describe a major American company that is very successful. IBM is a giant that does just about everything right."

HUGH PATRICK BROWN

Van Voorst and familiar logo in New York City

Staff Writer John Greenwald, working on his first cover, agrees. Says he: "IBM is one of the great stories in U.S. business." Before joining TIME in November 1981, Greenwald was for four years business editor of the Minneapolis *Star*, where he gained a special perspective on IBM. "The Twin Cities area is home to three of the other major computer manufacturers, Control Data, Honeywell and Univac," says Greenwald. "Anyone doing anything in computers faces the formidable task of competing with IBM, and I came to learn a lot about IBM just by observing how the other companies coped with its dominance."

The principal reporting for the story was done by New York Correspondent Bruce van Voorst, who spent five weeks talking with senior executives at IBM's headquarters in Armonk, N.Y., visiting two of the company's major manufacturing centers, and surveying the views of industry consultants and Wall Street analysts. Van Voorst faced several challenges on the assignment, not all of them journalistic. For one thing, he says, "IBM is a large and swiftly moving target. A list I made of two weeks of its activities would be many another company's annual report." Another problem was IBM's penchant for secrecy. "You learn what they want to tell you," he observes. "They could teach the CIA a thing or two." Finally, as a result of a ruptured Achilles' tendon suffered on a squash court, Van Voorst was temporarily disabled. Says he: "It is embarrassing to start an interview by asking permission to put your cast up on the subject's office coffee table."

John a. Meyer

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Letters

Maggie Mops Up

To the Editors:

Margaret Thatcher should serve as an example to America [June 20]. She represents many of the virtues that have faded in our nation. She is hard-working, thrifty, self-reliant and not afraid to believe in herself and her ideals. Britain's Iron Lady is as classically American as Superman.

Peter M. Eicher
New York City

Thatcher's Victorian values—duty, hard work and self-reliance—are great if you are working and financially secure. But if you are poor and sick, what then do Victorian values offer you? Despair?

Stanley Kowalski
Nuneaton, England

Your assertion that Margaret Thatcher won by a "landslide" is true if one looks at the distribution of seats in the new Parliament. But if one analyzes the popular vote, it is clear she has no mountainous mandate for her program. Fifty-eight percent of those who voted, over half, rejected her and her party's platform. Whether her proposals will harm or benefit Britain in the years ahead, they certainly do not now enjoy the support of a majority of the British people.

Michael L. Hughes
Ames, Iowa

Your story on Margaret Thatcher's huge election victory in Britain ought to be a warning to our Democratic Party in 1984. The parallels between the left-wing Labor Party in the United Kingdom and the socialistic viewpoints expressed by some liberal Democrats in this country will lead to a resounding defeat for the Democrats next year.

Robert Douglas LeNeve
Mount Clemens, Mich.

According to you, Margaret married the wealthy Denis by the time she was 25, which enabled her to "quit work," study law, and so on. I had no idea that "Victorian self-reliance" was the equivalent of marrying money.

Shannon Hoffman
Berkeley, Calif.

Just over a year ago, the Conservative Party was trailing in the polls, and Mrs. Thatcher languished a poor third in the count by party leaders. The government then dispatched a task force to fight a war in the Falklands, whereupon Thatcher's popularity soared, and the Conservative Party has now been swept back to power. This is a terrifying lesson to give to the leaders of the world.

Terence P. O'Brien
Selsey Chichester, England

Grading Education

President Reagan's Ronnie-come-lately interest in the dismal state of American education is certainly heartwarming [June 20]. After all, Reagan once bragged on national television that he never tried to make grades higher than Cs, since Cs were the minimum necessary to be eligible to play sports.

Thomas A. Prentice
Austin

Glenn for President

It is refreshing to see a politician like John Glenn who rejects the "wheeler-dealer" approach to a national election [June 20]. So far, he represents the most responsible candidate for President. Insisting on making your own decisions and cautiously establishing political allies is an asset in my opinion, not a liability. Unfortunately, Americans are increasingly electing Presidents because of their personality. Instead, we should reconsider and vote for those candidates who, like Glenn, show the best leadership qualities.

Timothy G. Willard
Wilmington, Del.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to have an entire Senate composed of nothing but John Glenns? There would be no deals with other Senators, no PACs, no lobbying or influence peddling. We would just have a Congress that was dedicated to the national good.

Frank Pickelsimer
Thomasville, N.C.

Fiddling with Genetics

The recent proposal by U.S. clergymen to prohibit research in human genetic engineering is ill-founded [June 20]. Such work, carefully monitored, can benefit man. What's more, there is no way that it can be effectively banned. Imprisoning Galileo did not put an end to studies in astronomy. Passing laws to prevent American scientists from conducting genetic research will not put an end to the matter. The action will simply shift some-

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Letters

where else. It is our relatively humane, caring society that should be leading the way in this field.

Anthony F. Spicciati
Malvern, Pa.

Man has used his mind in both good and evil ways. He has placed civilization on the brink of annihilation, and has also made wondrous discoveries in genetics and biotechnology. Now we can use these advances to improve our lot. Certainly we should be cautious in our endeavors surrounding this new frontier of science, but let us not shackle ourselves needlessly as the clergy would have us do.

Bruce T. Glasscock
San Francisco

The clergymen seem to be saying:

Protect your child's right to have cancer.

Multiple sclerosis is God's way.

Help support sickle-cell anemia.

Down's syndrome is part of God's plan.

Louis Pasteur was an Antichrist.

Thomas E. Armstrong
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

The L.A. Magnet

TIME's report "Los Angeles, America's Uneasy New Melting Pot" [June 13], which discusses the recent influx of immigrants to Los Angeles, and in particular the concentration of Asian Pacific people, was so negative as to be both unfair and inaccurate. The story, which dwells on the animosities among the various immigrant communities, is affected by a worn-out view of the world dating from the 1920s and 1930s. That was the time when Asian and Western cultures were judged in terms of each other's superiority and inferiority; when East and West were viewed as adversaries.

TIME fails to recognize that a new world view is forming, and the Asian Americans of Los Angeles are among its creators. This new attitude allows for diverse philosophies, cultures and religions to exist side by side, enriching each other.

For the first time in history, immigrants from the Asian Pacific have come together in a single metropolis, infusing both Los Angeles and its citizens with renewed life and vision. These new immigrants are unlike any others. They are educated, skilled, financially resourceful, industrious and dedicated to the American way. This great gathering of immigrants from many lands is a magnificent example of how prejudices have been reversed, not fostered. Asians have set aside their ancient enmities against each other, and Americans are ridding themselves of their prejudices against Asians.

Los Angeles has benefited enormously from the new influx of Asian Pacific people. The city is fast becoming the greatest cosmopolitan metropolis of the world: a gateway for trade and peoples from all

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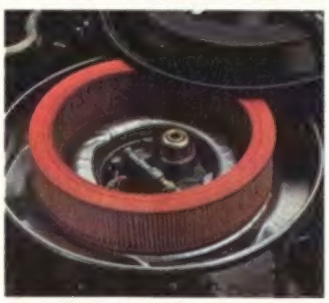

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over the Pacific. This commerce and immigration will eventually eclipse the magnitude of the movement that crossed the Atlantic earlier in this century. Los Angeles is not so much an uneasy new melting pot, as TIME calls it, as a modern miracle in which the joining of East and West has revitalized the city.

David Hyun, Chairman
Korean American Coalition
Los Angeles

Like many Angelenos, I was born outside California and moved here only 15 years ago. From my first day in Los Angeles, I was impressed by the non-existence of the ethnic-group conflict I had often experienced in my native South. Naturally there are problems in our city. But visitors to Los Angeles will not see the negative interaction you incorrectly described in your story. Rather, the observer will walk away with a sense of the contribution these new Americans are making: the small ethnic shops, often adjacent to one another, the community groups full of recent arrivals, eager to understand and participate in civic affairs. The latest immigrants have been welcomed into our local economy and have provided an exciting boost to Los Angeles.

Mike Roos, Majority Floor Leader
Assembly, California Legislature
Sacramento

Hurling Invectives

Thank you for Hugh Sidey's delightful column on political invective [June 20]. Unfortunately, a half-page summary cannot do justice to America's considerable contribution to the art of insult. One of the best flamethrowers in our early House of Representatives was the brilliant Virginia Congressman John Randolph. He once described a political foe as "a man of splendid abilities, but utterly corrupt. Like rotten mackerel by moonlight, he shines and stinks."

In more modern times, probably no one's tongue cut deeper than that of Franklin Roosevelt's Interior Secretary, Harold Ickes. The Secretary accused Huey Long of having "halitosis of the intellect," but saved his sharpest darts for Thomas E. Dewey. When the New York Governor announced for the presidency, Ickes commented that "Dewey has thrown his diaper into the ring," and steadfastly refused to listen to Dewey's speeches because, he explained, "I have a baby of my own."

A few years ago, Senator Pat Moynihan seemed prepared to revive the dying art of insult, but in this age of television, even his sharp tongue has succumbed to the dictates of "good taste."

James M. Bellarosa
North Grafton, Mass.

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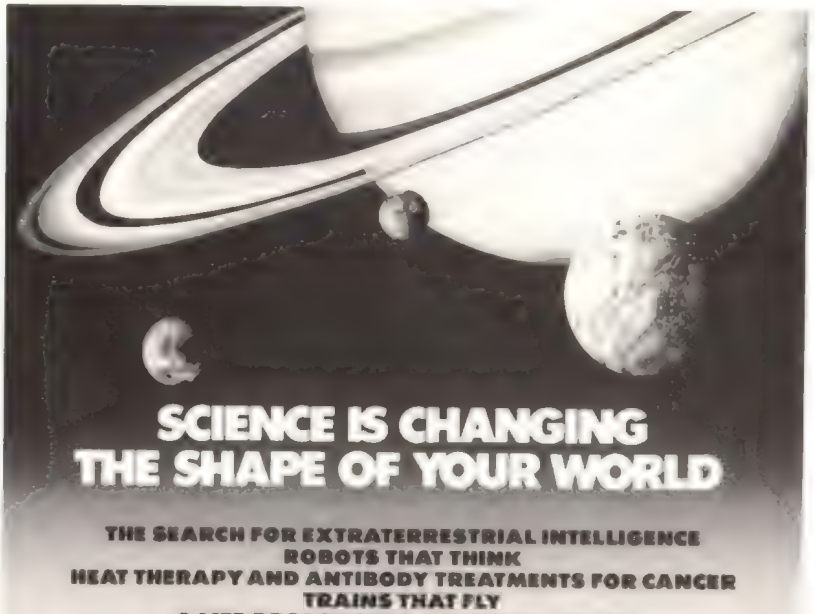

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I Never Knew There Was Such A Thing

Washington agog: Who took Carter's briefing book?

The New York *Times* called Ronald Reagan "evasive and sanctimonious about the ethical issues." The Washington *Post* concluded that "something not quite cricket happened." Even the conservative New York *Daily News* complained that Reagan had "bobbed and weaved and waffled."

The episode that inspired such editorial dudgeon last week was the notice given to an anecdote offered in passing in a book on the Reagan presidency by TIME White House Correspondent Laurence Barrett. He recounted that advisers had prepared Reagan for his Oct. 28, 1980, debate with Jimmy Carter by using a position book assembled for Carter's use. At his prime-time TV press conference last week, Reagan was peppered with twelve questions about the incident, more than half of all the queries he received. By week's end the affair had ballooned into a criminal investigation by the Justice Department and a congressional probe also was under way.

Even some veteran Washington reporters protested that the story was being vastly overplayed. They blamed the yearning of their colleagues for excitement during a summertime news lull and one of the less attractive residuals of Watergate afflicting too much of the press: the fear of underplaying—and being beaten on—a scandal. The decisiveness of Reagan's election victory made the possession of a debate crib sheet seem irrelevant to the outcome. Said House Speaker Tip O'Neill about Carter: "We had an extremely unpopular candidate who would have lost, debate or no debate, briefing book or no briefing book."

Still, the Administration's handling of the miniscandal did much to feed the inquisitiveness of reporters. Reagan had first dismissed the fuss as "much ado about nothing." Budget Director David Stockman, who had used the papers while playing the role of Carter to rehearse Reagan for the debate, claimed that he did not know how the documents had been acquired. Chief of Staff James Baker readily admitted having seen the book and said he got it from CIA Director William Casey, who was then Reagan's campaign manager. Casey said he had "no recollection" of having seen it. Communications Director David Gergen, who had also helped prepare Reagan for the debate, similarly could not remember ever possessing such Carter papers.

Last week, however, a stack of Carter campaign documents was found by Gergen in his own files, in a section labeled "Afghanistan." They were released by the White House to Washington reporters just two hours before Reagan's press conference, along with the final briefing book presented by the Carter people. Reagan's final briefing book and a few memos. The surprising quantity of the material helped prompt the flurry of questions. Reagan remarked later to aides that he had fumbled his answers about the ethical implications of using an opponent's confidential papers.

Appearing nervous and defensive, Reagan said, "I never knew until you people made it public in the press a few days ago that there ever had been such material in possession of any people in our campaign organization. I never saw anything of the kind." Reagan asked what difference the Carter book made, "since it never got to the debater." He suggested that the material might have come from "a disgruntled worker in the Carter campaign." Even if it had been stolen, he said, "it probably wasn't too much different from the press rushing into print with the Pentagon papers, which were stolen." Still, Reagan said, he deplored the tendency of "people who are otherwise totally honest" to apply a "double standard" to politics.

Whether Reagan saw the Carter brief or the research materials for it was hardly a key point; his aides admitted using it, and Reagan failed to say clearly that he found anything wrong in that. Whether he knew that he was benefiting from infor-

Stockman: talking openly

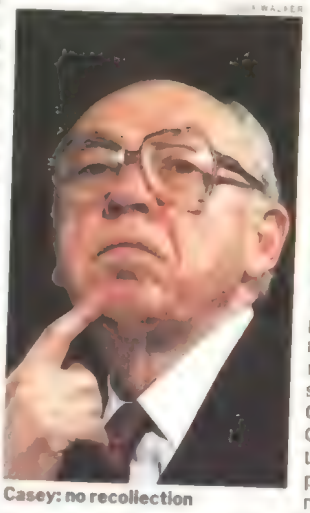
mation secured from his opponent's camp did not affect the possibility that he had gained an unfair advantage in the debate. The Pentagon papers analogy also was faulty. Reporters could argue that the public interest was served by publishing an official history, even if classified, of U.S. involvement in Viet Nam; the only beneficiaries of using the Carter book, stolen or not, were Candidate Reagan and his party.

Reagan's failure to attempt to settle quickly the question of how his aides got the Carter papers seems likely to prolong the affair. Clearly, someone on his staff must know how the material was acquired and might even be expected to step up and say so. Instead of demanding an answer from his aides, Reagan ordered a search for all relevant Carter papers in staff files and promised they would be sent to the Justice Department to "monitor" the situation for any illegality. Pressed by reporters, he conceded that such monitoring could be considered an "investigation." The Justice Department announced that FBI agents would question the appropriate Carter and Reagan aides so that it could determine whether any laws were broken. Reagan also promised cooperation with an investigation by a House subcommittee headed by Democratic Representative Donald Albosta of Michigan.

Understandably, many Democrats were exploiting Reagan's predicament for all it was worth. Reagan's personal integrity has rarely been questioned, but some Democrats felt that if he tried to avoid any responsibility for the campaign actions of his aides, it might be.

Former Carter aides, including Pollster Pat Caddell and Press Secretary Jody Powell, met in Washington to fan the flames and also to try to pin down responsibility for what looked, at least, like a serious leak in the Carter White House. They studied the papers found in Gergen's files and concluded that they must have come from three staffs of the White House: those of the National Security Council, Vice President Walter Mondale and Domestic Adviser Stuart Eizenstat. Contended Caddell: "It was not simply one disgruntled person throwing something over the wall. There seems to have been a continuous flow of information." No one person could gain access to all these papers, Caddell theorized, "unless he was well trained in pilfering."

There was no evidence that the papers had been deliberately solicited by anyone in the Reagan campaign, although Barrett had surmised in his book that "a mole" had been planted in the Carter White House. Carter aides doubted the possibility that a White House secretary, hoping to curry favor with the possible new Administration, had sent the papers to the Reagan staff. Asked again about the briefing book while traveling in California later in the week, Reagan repeated: "We don't know how any of that happened, and I never knew there was such a thing, so we'll have to wait and find out."

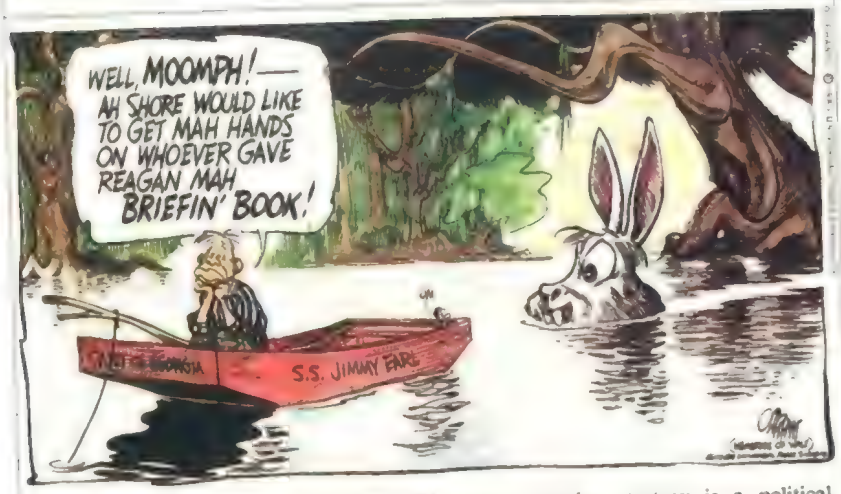

Casey: no recollection

The affair immediately put new pressure on a few key Reagan advisers. Stockman's candid observations about the Administration's juggling of budget statistics, quoted in the *Atlantic* in December 1981, had nearly cost him his job. Now he not only admitted talking to Barrett about the "pilfered" Carter debate book but conceded that he boasted on the very day of the debate about having used it. In a story buried on page 15 of the Elkhart, Ind., *Truth* newspaper, Stockman, then a Congressman from Michigan, was reported to have told a luncheon audience in Cassopolis, Mich., just what Carter would say in the debate and how Reagan would answer. He was quoted as saying he had used a "pilfered copy of the briefing book" to rehearse Reagan. Stockman pointed out last week, "If I was talking about it openly back then, I couldn't have considered it to be a very serious matter." The fact remains that to his detractors in the Administration, Stockman was once again cast as a one-man Freedom of Information Act.

CIA Director Casey had survived past probes of his finances and his choice of a relatively unqualified official as a top deputy of the CIA. Now he had been named by Baker as a conduit for the Carter papers. The Washington *Post* reported that in 1980 Casey had set up what he called an "intelligence operation" to keep the Reagan staff informed of any attempt by Carter to spring a much feared "October surprise" in the campaign, such as gaining freedom for the U.S. embassy hostages held captive in Tehran. The *Post* claimed that Casey had used retired military officers who favored Reagan's election to report any unusual U.S. troop movements that might signal a dramatic move by Carter abroad. Indeed, Carter's failure to secure the release of the hostages probably contributed more to his loss to Reagan than did the debate. Most polls had the election extremely close at the time of the debate, just a week before the vote. Though Carterites claimed the President had won the debate, polls afterward showed that most viewers thought Reagan had prevailed, but not decisively.

Obviously, if the papers were purchased by Reagan campaign aides, or taken surreptitiously out of White House offices by someone working for them, the act might be not only unethical but, in the view of a court or jury, illegal as well. Apart from whoever took them, anyone in the Reagan camp who used the papers could conceivably be found guilty of re-

The climactic campaign debate between Carter and Reagan in Cleveland on Oct. 28, 1980: Did the challenger have an advantage?



ceiving stolen goods. If any evidence of theft or bribery develops, the Justice Department will presumably determine whether it will prosecute or recommend the appointment of a special prosecutor.

But if a White House employee voluntarily gave the Reagan staff the Carter papers, the question of whether they should have been used becomes fuzzier. Not even former Carter aides could say with certainty what they would have done if similar Reagan material had reached them. Indeed, trying to find out about an opponent's campaign strategy is a political commonplace.

"Ethics are low in this town," says John Merriam, publisher of a newsletter about the Washington media. "There just ain't no political standards." Debate positions normally are taken from the previous public stands of the candidates. Says Ben Wattenberg, a political analyst at the conservative American Enterprise Institute: "Maybe the person who turned over the papers saved a Reagan research team an awful lot of trouble."

Still, there is little doubt that it is an advantage for one candidate to get an advance look at just how his opponent intends to answer various questions. It is true, as Reagan noted in his press conference, that reporters determined what questions would be asked in the 1980 debate. But the candidates also could say whatever they wished in their opening and closing statements; that could make for some very prescient targeting if one man could anticipate the other's themes.

Whether the latest Washington flap was as big a deal as the Democrats, certain newspapers and the TV networks made it appear, however, was highly doubtful. It will depend in large part on how the briefing papers were acquired. Columbia History Professor Henry Graff put the episode in perspective by noting, "This is not something that has struck a lot of people in the solar plexus." A Columbia colleague, Political Scientist Alan F. Westin, criticized the tendency of many journalists thoughtlessly to dub the affair "briefingate" or "debategate." Said he: "I find myself just bored to tears by someone sticking 'gate' after every little foible." His point was well taken: the briefing book dispute did not remotely resemble a Watergate-class scandal. —*By Ed Magnuson.*

Reported by Douglas Brew with Reagan and Hays Gorey/Washington

Living in Glass Houses

Politicians and their lieutenants know better than anyone that amid the feverish intensity of an important campaign, ethical lapses can occur. "Morals in Washington, D.C.," says Carter Administration Attorney General Griffin Bell, "are different from morals in the rest of the country." Bell and other once and future Washingtonians do not defend political transgressions, particularly if they involve campaign intelligence gathering that shades into active campaign espionage. But concerning the Carter briefing-book affair, most political professionals have avoided easy pieties. TIME asked several Democratic veterans what each would have done had his camp been offered, unsolicited, an opponent's confidential campaign material.

"It would take a strong character to reject it," conceded George McGovern, whose 1972 Democratic presidential campaign was the object of a few Watergate dirty tricks. "I'm not going to say what I would have done. I will say that I *hope* I would have said, 'No—we don't resort to that stuff around here. Send it back.' But I don't know."

Two principal figures in the Carter campaign and White House were no more sure of how they would have reacted. "It would sound precious and self-righteous to say I would have turned them down," said former Press Secretary Jody Powell, "so I'm not going to say it. I think and hope that I would have."

Even less certain was Pollster and Adviser Pat Caddell. "I hope we'd return it," he said, but "I don't know. It's easy to jump up and say, 'I'd do the right thing.' " Besides, Caddell explained, he would have suspiciously looked the gift horse in the mouth: "I'd wonder whether we were being set up."

Caddell Powell

California Senator Alan Cranston, a contender for next year's Democratic presidential nomination, said he too would resist the offer partly on practical grounds. "You're apt to be caught," he said, "aside from it being morally wrong."

Colorado Senator Gary Hart, McGovern's 1972 campaign director and now a candidate for the Democratic nomination, was the most unequivocal. "Without hesitation and unopened, the briefing book or any materials from a rival's campaign that came into our hands would be returned," Hart asserted. "I have asked my campaign manager to circulate a memo to that effect."

Terry Bracy, now a Washington lobbyist, is one former presidential campaign aide for whom the dilemma is not hypothetical. During the campaign for the 1976 Democratic nomination, he served as policy director for Contender Morris Udall, the Arizona Congressman. In the summer of 1975, Bracy says he was "kind of horrified" to be offered "inside strategy and plans" from the Carter organization by a putative Carterite turncoat. He refused, and told the Georgians. Of course, for all of Bracy's admirable fair play, the documents may not have been so tempting: the offer came some eight months before the first primaries, when Udall's adversary was still "Jimmy Who?"

Altered States

A House probe of transcripts

At a hearing last summer on the problems at the Environmental Protection Agency, Congressman John Hiler, an Indiana Republican, angrily accused the panel's Democrats of conducting a political witch hunt. "We are unfortunately doomed to have to undergo what has been an extraordinarily partisan hearing," he said. On reviewing the transcript of the hearing last month, Hiler discovered that his remark had been altered to read: "We are unfortunately doomed?" And there, astonishingly, the sentence ended. This and other surprising examples of phantom fiddling with the official record of House committee hearings had the effect of making Republicans look worse and Democrats better.

So far, three doctored transcripts have been discovered, all of them involving hearings of the House Government Operations Committee. In addition to the EPA hearing, the panel's 1980 deliberations on an attempt by the Hunt family of Texas to manipulate the silver market and its 1982 discussions on synthetic fuel production were surreptitiously revised. "Some staff person was overzealous," says House Speaker Tip O'Neill. "He didn't do it with instructions from any member." The Massachusetts Democrat said that the culprit, if caught, should be fired.

The records of committee meetings are generally transcribed by a stenographer and sent to the committee for editing. Usually the task of cleaning up the copy falls to committee staffers, who are supposed to do no more than make minor changes in grammar and wording. The records of a meeting are often important in determining the intent of Congress if a law is challenged in the courts.

Many of the alterations in the disputed transcripts were made, legitimately, at the request of the members involved. But some Republicans charged that they had not been informed of revisions made in their remarks. G.O.P. Whip Trent Lott of Mississippi complained of "a pattern and a practice of malicious misconduct aimed at discrediting and defaming members of this House." Republicans tried to force the House into establishing a special committee to pursue the matter of the doctored transcripts in public hearings. But on a largely party-line vote last week, the Democrats succeeded in having the matter referred to the Ethics Committee, not known for its investigative zeal, and there the matter will proceed in private. James Sensenbrenner of Wisconsin accused Democrats of "stonewalling any effort to get to the bottom of this matter." He was among seven G.O.P. members who wrote to Attorney General William French Smith asking for a criminal investigation or a civil action to cover the costs involved in setting the record straight.

Meanwhile, Republican Congressman Robert Walker of Pennsylvania accused the Democrats of handling the investigation as "business as usual, while they have special prosecutors and all of that for the briefing-book scandal." Many Republicans also claim that the difference in publicity being given the two controversies reveals, in the words of Congressman Judd Gregg of New Hampshire, the "ultimate hypocrisy" of the press. ■

Cries of foul: G.O.P. House Leader Trent Lott

"A pattern of malicious misconduct."

How's That?

A sampling of the unauthorized revisions in the House committee records:

▸ Republican Robert Walker of Pennsylvania said, "I am willing to take part in reasonable hearings." The record quotes him as being "*not* willing to take part in reasonable hearings."

▸ Referring to the Democrats' attendance at a hearing, Indiana's John Hiler said, "The majority had about one or two people here." The record changes "majority" to "minority," making it seem that he was criticizing the Republicans.

▸ A similar change was made when Judd Gregg of New Hampshire complained about the "majority" staff. The record makes it "minority" staff.

▸ Gregg also said, "There were no partisan attacks on the EPA's failure to come into New Hampshire," which was changed to "There were no partisan aspects to the EPA's activities in New Hampshire."

▸ Hiler criticized the work of the Democratic staff, saying of certain witnesses, "We didn't know they were going to be here until twelve hours ago." The complaint vanished from the final version.

The Lost Cap

The Senate preserves a tax cut

Supporters of the $720 limit on the amount a family would save as a result of President Reagan's 10% tax-rate cut, which went into effect last Friday, never really expected their amendment to become law. Passed two weeks ago by House Democrats to dramatize their claim that the President's tax policies favor the rich and penalize the poor, the measure faced a Republican-controlled Senate and ultimately a presidential veto that Congress lacks votes to override. Last week, as expected, the Senate delivered the legislative *coup de grâce* to the cap by a 55 to 45 vote mostly along party lines. Observed Republican Senator Robert Dole of Kansas, the Senate Finance Committee chairman: "This [vote] is probably a total political exercise." Indeed, as a campaign weapon for both sides, the lost cap will surely figure in the rhetoric of 1984.

Before the vote, Democrats, with partisan zeal, flogged the equity issue. Exclaimed Democrat Alan Cranston of California, who is running for President: "The President says that poor people must sacrifice. But what happens when Democrats say it's time for the rich to sacrifice? The President cries, 'Foul!' " Grumbled House Speaker Tip O'Neill: "It may have been a victory for the President, but it was a defeat for fairness." Senate Republican leaders delayed the vote to enable Reagan, at his televised press conference on Tuesday, to make the G.O.P. pitch. Insisting that the Senate preserve the third and last stage of his 25% tax-rate cut, he said, "Fairness is not slapping tax increases on 2.4 million small businesses, 350,000 family farms and millions of middle-income married couples who file joint returns. True fairness means honoring our word."

Democrats argued that a limit was necessary because the President's tax cut helps people primarily in higher income brackets. By contrast, the $720 cap would have hit hardest some 4 million taxpayers earning $50,000 or more a year. But Republicans pointed out that a roughly equal number of middle-class families and individuals earning between $30,000-$50,000 a year would also benefit from the full cut. For instance, a $30,000-a-year married couple (one child, filing a joint return, claiming four exemptions) can now expect a tax saving of about $430 annually.

Had it become law, the $720 cap would have added an estimated $6 billion to revenues in fiscal 1984. Now Congress must turn its attention to raising $73 billion in new taxes over the next three years as mandated by the $859 billion budget resolution passed two weeks ago. Said Senator Dole: "There is a lot of fat in the tax code that ought to be examined and tightened up." But Dole would be the first to agree that to raise $73 billion Congress would have to sew up an awful lot of loopholes ■

A sound like an explosion: Interstate 95, in Greenwich, Conn., after a 100-ft. span over the Mianus River fell away

Nation

Somber Prelude to the Fourth

A faulty bridge and an untamable river claim eight lives

Every era looks back to good old days, often foolishly. The memory of earlier Fourths of July, with their pop-bottle rockets and Black Cat firecrackers, is apt to be a lot more cheerful than the real thing. Still, viewed from an often difficult present, it seems that not many years ago, an ear of sweet corn and a gin fizz were enough to turn Independence Day into pure bliss.

By that wistful reckoning, the last such ingenuous summer came along about 1960. American self-confidence was at its zenith. Ambitious public works were in vogue. The brand-new Interstate Highway System was growing by 40 miles a week. In Arizona's Glen Canyon, just over the border from Utah, the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation had started building the dam its engineers believed would finally tame the wild ups and downs of the Colorado River.

Consider the state of things in 1983. Last week, in Greenwich, Conn., a 100-ft.-long slice of an Interstate bridge fell away, dropping three motorists 70 ft. to their deaths in the Mianus River. In the Southwest, melting snow and bureaucrats' miscalculation produced a deluge: Colorado River water was gushing through dam spillways at almost three times the normal rates, flooding towns in California and Arizona, causing $12.2 million in damage and threatening to rise higher. In both cases, behind the sadness of immediate events was a niggling sense of disillusion with U.S. engineering know-how: Glen Canyon Dam is only 20 years old, the Mianus River Bridge just 25. By contrast, the Brooklyn Bridge, a full century old and solid, was celebrated in May with the best fireworks show of the year.

A tractor-trailer that went over the edge

Last week's mishaps could have been far more disastrous. The six-lane Interstate 95 is a main route for tens of thousands of Connecticut suburbanites who commute daily to Manhattan.

When the bridge collapsed just before 1:30 a.m., however, only four vehicles were zooming over the affected eastbound lanes: two tractor-trailers and two passenger cars. A few hundred feet away, Gordon Gilman was drawn to his home's riverfront window. "I thought I heard an explosion," he says. "I looked out and saw a truck and a car coming off the bridge."

Dead of injuries was Louisiana Trucker Harold Bracy. Drowned in their car were Luis Zapata and Reginald Fischer, both area residents. Driving abreast was Truck Driver David Pace, hauling a load of empty beer bottles to Hartford and accompanied in the cab by his wife. "I felt my wheels going soft on me," Pace told his father later from a hospital bed. "I screamed to Helen to duck and grab the pillow because we're going down." Eileen Weldon of nearby Darien, driving alone in her car, sailed off into the dark river too and survived. The Paces, seriously injured, were snatched out of the water by a fisherman who had been asleep in his boat. "I heard all kinds of noises," said the rescuer, Billy Ebrech. "I heard screaming and yelling."

Computer errors and a man-made disaster: water from the huge snowmelt rushes over the spillway of Crystal Dam in southwestern Colorado.

The bridge had undergone inspection last September, but J. William Burns, Connecticut's transportation commissioner, suggested a likely cause of collapse: a structurally crucial steel pin, 10 in. long and 7 in. in diameter that, he said, "is missing or sheared off." The accident has already prompted unscheduled bridge inspections and maintenance in several states. As well it should: the Federal Government says that of 564,499 U.S. bridges, 21% are "obsolete" and 23% are "structurally deficient." Officially, the Mianus River Bridge was neither.

In the Southwest, five lives have been claimed so far by the swift Colorado River, which is sluicing over dikes, sandbag barriers and splashboards. William Wert was on a raft excursion with 14 other vacationers shooting the Grand Canyon's Crystal Rapids when the 33-ft. rubber raft flipped; all passengers except Wert made it to shore. Farther downstream on the 1,450-mile river, in Mexico, four people drowned. "We cannot blame the Americans," said Francisco Gonzales, deputy police chief of the town of Luis B. Sanchez. "They did not make the rain and snow that are causing the river to rise."

American officials do, however, attempt to manage the Colorado, and in the process have been forced to trigger much of the flooding. Engineers at the Glen Canyon and Parker dams have had to open their floodgates wider than ever before. Last winter's Rocky Mountain snowpack was up to three times its usual thickness, and since Memorial Day it has been melting unusually fast. Southwesterners blame Bureau of Reclamation dam managers for not releasing more of the runoff earlier. Says William Claypool of Needles, Calif.: "Anyone over the age of eight who watched TV this winter should have known we would have problems."

Heavy thunderstorms last week made matters worse. Water was rushing out of the Glen Canyon spillway at about 700,000 gal. per sec., more than twice as fast as normal. With Lake Mead rising to record levels, water was about to surge over the spillways at Hoover Dam for the first time since they were tested in 1941.

Inundated area downriver in Arizona

To the north, in Grand Junction, Colo., floods broke a dike and prompted the evacuation of more than 1,300 residents. Downstream, hundreds of houses and businesses in Arizona and California river settlements were flooded, and vital tourist business was badly crimped. "This is a man-made disaster, and there's no excuse for it," says Sandy Fields, owner of the Castle Rock Shores Resort in hard-hit Parker, Ariz. "It's just plain stupidity."

In March, Government computers forecast that the snowmelt would be 4% below normal. A month ago, they predicted 31% above. The most recent predicted overflow: 110%. "Our estimates," admits Bureau of Reclamation Commissioner Robert Broadbent, "were wrong. The flows this year just didn't fit into that computer model. It was winter clear up to the 20th of May, and then all of a sudden it turned to summer."

In the minds of most Americans, it does not really turn to summer until the Fourth of July. And in fact not all of the omens for the holiday were grim. San Diego was shaken by the most powerful earthquake ever recorded there (4.6 on the Richter scale), but only some vases and plumbing were broken. Neither the new lava flow from Hawaii's Kilauea volcano nor the tornadoes that swirled through eastern Iowa and northern Illinois killed anyone. Not good news, but not disasters either: if those were acts of God, at least he pulled his punches. *—By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Steven Holmes/Hoover Dam, with other bureaus*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

School Days, Then and Now

Ronald Reagan's surprising concern over the education problem in the U.S. is rooted in his own deeply fulfilling school days back in Illinois.

"I don't know how it is today," he said in an Oval Office interview last week. "It [school] was a major part of your growing-up life. Everything about it. The whole atmosphere."

He never had to be forced or enticed to learn. He never got an F. His main problems during 16 school years were diagraming sentences in grade school and trying to take part in too many activities in high school. His diagraming difficulties came to an end when it was discovered he was so nearsighted he could not see the blackboard. He resolved his overscheduling dilemma in high school by choosing school plays over basketball.

"We lived above the high school athletic field," he recalled, "and every day home from school and down I went. I spent every minute in the track and football season watching the athletes and dreaming of some day being one of them. I was a voracious reader. I went to the public library about once a week and took out a couple of books. I went through all the books about Frank Merriwell at Yale and the Rover Boys—the college experience and the emphasis on dying for dear old Rutgers."

DIXON HIGH '28

In Reagan's early world, teachers were special figures of "trust and faith" who were, "like the clergy," instructors in "moral precepts" as well as in book learning. His high school English and drama teacher, B.J. Fraser, is one of those who changed Reagan's life, and he will never forget it. Fraser not only formed a drama club but urged his student writers to turn their imaginations loose. "I developed a great taste for writing then," recalled Reagan. "I sometimes went way afield and did a humorous twist on what he asked for. I wasn't long in noticing he would have several of those read in class, and I was always called upon to read mine. Maybe that's where the ham began. I would write with the idea that I was going to read this aloud."

"It was B.J.," continued Reagan, "who said doing a play should be educational also. He reached out. In college it was the same thing. There I played Captain Stanhope in *Journey's End*. I never was so carried away in the theater in my life. I was in the war as far as that play was concerned."

Much of Reagan's studying, he admitted, was done to stay eligible for his extracurricular activities. His marks, he said, were average or above. But when he found a subject that caught his fancy, like English, he got top grades. He had to take biology and physics and benefited, he said, because he "found out that was not something I was interested in. I remember surprising myself in mathematics. In algebra in the final examination I got 100."

Reagan's grade school and high school success was repeated at Eureka College, the tiny (250 students) institution in Eureka, Ill. He grew especially mellow in this reverie. "Most of the things that happened in my life started there," he said. "To this day I am not a fan of the great universities. This is not to deprecate them. But sometimes I think they are assembly-line diploma mills." Eureka was intimate and manageable, people clinging to each other in hard times, struggling to better themselves through education. "When faculty members had to go out, they would ask you to babysit," said Reagan. "You would take your girl and sit in front of the fire. When they came back, you would sit around and talk and there was as much college there as in the classroom."

"You can't hide in a small school," insisted Reagan. "There isn't anyone who can just go to class, come back, study and graduate. Everyone's got to participate, whether in the drama club or student politics." That's the way it was for Ronald Reagan. That's the way he would like to see school again for young Americans.

Checking Up

No card, no loan

"We feel that those who are taking the benefits should also be taking the responsibilities." That is how Joan Lamb of the Selective Service System defended an amendment to the Military Selective Service Act, passed overwhelmingly by the House last July, that requires all young men who apply for Government student loans to certify that they have registered for the draft. A federal district judge in Minnesota decided in March that this was a violation of the constitutional rights of students. But the Supreme Court last week, while not passing final judgment, ruled that the requirement should take effect for the time being.

The Supreme Court still must hear arguments, probably next fall or in early 1984, on whether the rule is constitutional. But the very fact that the Supreme Court allowed the law to stay in effect seems to suggest that the Justices see no glaring constitutional problems with tying student aid to registration.

Although the U.S. no longer has a military draft, all men are required to register on their 18th birthday. So far, 10.4 million, or 96.2% of all eligible men, have done so. But 408,000 have not. Most universities take the position that they should not be called upon to act as the arm for Uncle Sam's finger. "It isn't in keeping with our mission as an institution of higher learning," says Nancy Jessup, a financial aid officer at the University of California. They note that it unfairly singles out students who need loans, while not affecting those who pay their own way. Nonetheless, institutional resistance, now that the Supreme Court has allowed the rule to take effect, seems to be waning. "We'll go along with it, reluctantly," says Provost Nicholas Clifford of Middlebury College in Vermont.

The Justice Department meanwhile is preparing to pursue 70,000 young men, born in the years 1960-64, of those 400,000 who have not yet registered and who have ignored two letters of warning from the Selective Service System. This new approach may serve to counter arguments that the Government has been targeting only a few selected resisters. So far, just 15 people have been indicted for not registering, and eight convicted. The latest list, prepared by reviewing Social Security and drivers' license records of young men between the ages of 18 and 23, will be sent to local U.S. attorneys for action.

Opponents of registration criticized the crackdown. "There is not any public tolerance for that kind of massive opening of prosecutions," says Barry Lynn, president of Draft Action. "It's still fundamentally an effort to intimidate." But Lamb says the new steps are manifestly fair: "We owe it to the 10 million who are registered to get that pool as large as we can." ■

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Uno's Surprise

Uncertainty about auto imports

Was it an opening negotiating ploy? Soothing words intended for domestic consumption? Or the final word on the politically sensitive subject of Japan's self-imposed lid on U.S. auto imports of 1.76 million vehicles annually? Japan's unilateral promise, which is now in its third year, expires at the end of March 1984. Japan agreed to the restriction only under pressure; now that car sales for Detroit are picking up (12.6% ahead of a year ago), it was expected to resist another extension of the agreement. At a Tokyo breakfast meeting last week with Japanese industrial leaders, Sosuke Uno, the newly appointed Minister of International Trade and Industry, suggested that Japan might not enter into a new agreement after the current one terminates nine months from now.

Uno's remark was a private opinion, not official Japanese policy. Government authorities indicated that they had not committed themselves one way or another on a renewal, but were trying to leave the way clear for future negotiations. Said a spokesman: "I am sure if the situation is still bad for the U.S. side, it will take up this question, and we will have talks about it." Such nuances did not assuage the alarm at Uno's comment among U.S. automen. Said one: "What they seem to be doing is staking out their position for negotiations, but I would observe that their timing is extremely poor." There was no mistaking the reactions of Congressmen with large automotive constituencies. Said Democratic Senator Donald Riegle of Michigan: "The continuing Japanese attack on our basic industries is another Pearl Harbor. The time has come to close America's door to the flood of Japanese imported products." Michigan Congressman John Dingell feared that Uno's statement could portend "a devastating blow to the auto industry."

Dingell is chairman of the House Energy and Commerce Committee, which last month passed a domestic-content bill that would require all cars, including the best-selling imports, to be made in large measure by American workers using U.S. parts. President Reagan has said he will not sign a local-content bill. The Administration has also delayed pressing for a fourth year of import restrictions. In the wake of Uno's unexpected declaration, however, the Administration may have to find a way to reopen the door to negotiations on autos quickly so that it can keep the protectionists at bay. One wedge may be the issue of agricultural quotas. The U.S. trade representative's office announced last week that it was complaining to GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) in Geneva about Tokyo's excessive import restrictions on U.S. agriculture. That may have moved Uno into a kind of tit for tat. ■

Towering smokestacks like these near Kingsport, Tenn., throw sulfur high into the atmosphere

Confronting the Acid Test

New studies increase pressures for action on a polluting rainfall

A puckish caller once asked Interior Secretary James Watt during a radio talk show whether his baldness was caused by acid rain. Watt laughed off the wisecrack, as well he might. In spite of rising concern in the Northeast and Canada, Administration spokesmen have repeatedly insisted that nothing could really be done about acid rain and the industry-produced sulfur emissions allegedly behind them until all the scientific facts were in. Suddenly last week, however, facts came raining down like a summer squall, in effect making further scientific debate on what mainly causes the problem all but irrelevant.

Precipitating the downpour was a study commissioned by Presidential Science Adviser George Keyworth II. The White House panel bluntly called for remedial action even if some technical questions about acid rain were still unanswered. "If we take the conservative point of view that we must wait until the scientific knowledge is definitive," said the panel, "the accumulated deposition [of acid rain] and damaged environment may reach the point of 'irreversibility.' "

When it rains, it pours. Next came a study from the National Research Council, an arm of the august National Academy of Sciences. Its unequivocal conclusion: reducing emissions of sulfur dioxide from coal-burning power plants and factories, such as those in the Midwest, would in fact significantly reduce the acidity in rain, snow and other precipitation that is widely believed to be sapping the life from fresh-water lakes and forests in the Northeast and Canada. The panel did not recommend any specific action. But, concluded Committee Chairman Jack Calvert, a scientist at the National Center for Atmospheric Research, if industry gets "off the dime" and lawmakers mandate emission controls, "we'll guarantee an effect."

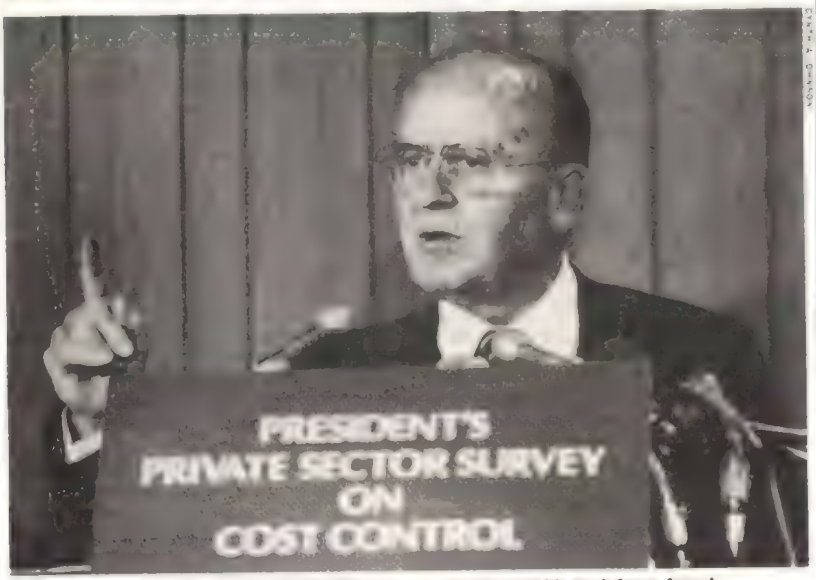
A pair of remedial measures are already before Congress. A Senate committee recently approved a bill that would require reduction over the next decade of sulfur-dioxide emissions by 10 million tons in the states bordering on and east of the Mississippi. A tougher measure was introduced in the House ordering the 50 largest sulfur polluters in the U.S. to cut emissions substantially. To appease the Eastern coal mining industry, which fears a switch to low-sulfur Western coal, the bill requires the installation of expensive "scrubbers," devices for removing sulfur from the smoke, rather than a ban on high-sulfur fuel. Still, the legislation is being vigorously opposed by the coal industry and utilities, especially in the Midwest, where heavy industries are battling to survive. In a survey also released last week, the Edison Electric Institute, an industry group, ominously predicted that electricity rates could rise as much as 50% if the emissions-control legislation passed.

Government studies dispute these figures, but Congress has been deadlocked on acid-rain measures. Now, as a result of the academy study, proponents of the bills are more optimistic. Said Vermont Republican Robert Stafford, cosponsor of the Senate proposal: "The report will enhance the opportunity to pass legislation." The Reagan Administration also seems to be moving in this direction. Still another report, probably setting forth some proposed options, is expected from a special task force named by William Ruckelshaus, the Environmental Protection Agency's new chief. Nonetheless, a major political battle is shaping up. Now the central question is not "What is the problem?" but rather "How will the pollution be cleaned up—and who will foot the bill?" ■

Rooting Out the Waste

A commission urges savings at the Pentagon and elsewhere

When Ronald Reagan was running for President, he deflected questions about how he would conquer Government waste by pointing with pride to a program he had used in California: sending flying squads of top businessmen into the state's agencies on missions against inefficiency. To tackle the problem at the federal level, Reagan appointed a similar task force early last year under the direction of J. Peter Grace, 70, chairman of the conglomerate W.R. Grace & Co. Last week the group made public its final batch of findings. Its pointed revelations of wasteful practices were greeted within the Administration with much of the awkward dismay a doomsayer might feel upon being told his prophecies are true.



J. Peter Grace reporting on the $137 billion in purported waste his task force found

"If you can't do it, Caspar, then what you have to do is start booking it."

"We are talking about real money," said Grace last week as he suggested ways to cut as much as $137 billion in purported federal waste over three years. "And we have barely scratched the surface." The recommendations of his task force,* formally known as the President's Private Sector Survey on Cost Control, have been submitted piecemeal during the past three months, and will be compiled in a 1,000-page summary report early this fall. Some are quite specific: as an example of the expense of federal medical facilities, the group cites a Veterans Administration hospital in The Bronx that cost nearly twice as much to build per bed as some private facilities. Others are more sweeping: the Government's 19,300 computers are often incompatible with one another, share no common base of reliable data, use different accounting systems, and operate with obsolete technology. "The whole data-processing thing is one big mess," asserted Grace.

The most controversial of the recommendations, particularly to an Administration instinctively inclined to find fault and fat in social programs, are those designed to save more than $89 billion over three years in defense spending. Military pensions should be scaled back, the report says, so that they no longer amount to about twice the rate found in the private sector. Generous cost of living adjustments have allowed some officers who retired ten years ago to make more than those of equal rank on active duty, and more than those who retired recently. Even issuing payroll checks results in waste. Private businesses can do it for about $1 a check, but it costs the Army $4.20. The Grace commission also cites the operation of unnecessary military bases and the domestic proliferation of subsidized commissaries (six in Washington, D.C., alone) that were originally intended to provide shopping facilities for servicemen in remote outposts.

Encouraging more competition in the procurement of spare parts could save $695 million in three years, the commission says. It notes that less than 25% of aircraft parts are purchased through competitive bids. Such recommendations come at a time of increasing debate over the way the Pentagon buys weapons. The Senate has been holding heated hearings on a bill to establish an independent testing agency in the Pentagon to ensure that weapons perform as promised. To defuse some of the criticism, top military officials, including Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Thayer, have tried to take the initiative by publicly attacking the shoddy work being done by defense contractors, whose mistakes, they say, add anywhere from 10% to 50% to the cost of many weapons systems.

The Grace commission criticizes the pension plans for nonmilitary civil servants. The Government spends 29% of its payroll on retirees, compared with 14% in private industry, a problem that has been partly offset by plans to bring Government personnel into the Social Security system. The group recommends the appointment of a senior financial officer and management team, with long-term tenures, to manage in a businesslike way the Government's $1.7 trillion in annual cash flow. In addition, Grace notes that "the U.S. is the world's largest conglomerate, largest power producer, largest hospital operator and largest timber- and grazing-land operator," and suggests that many of these activities be turned over to private industry.

Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger last week responded that tampering with retirement pay would "create havoc with the morale and readiness of our troops." Grace replied tartly that the Defense Department should accurately reflect the retirement costs in its accounts if it cannot change the system. Said he: "If you can't do it, Caspar, then what you have to do is start booking it." Many top officials at Government agencies, while welcoming and even putting into practice some of the free suggestions of such highly qualified management consultants, shook their heads at the political naiveté a few of the businessmen showed. Indeed, Grace admits that the recommendations are being made "without any reference to the political problems involved."

The commission's maverick proposals place the President in an uncomfortable position. Having long attacked the federal bureaucracy as a morass of wasteful practices, he is now in charge of that bureaucracy, at least in theory. Officials are correct in protesting, just as those in past Administrations have done, that making many of the suggested savings will be difficult. But after creating a task force to transform his rhetorical promises into hard proposals, Reagan will find it difficult to sidestep the challenges posed, even when they involve his military budget. —*By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Patricia Delaney and Christopher Redman/Washington*

*Among the 1,300 unpaid volunteers in the 38 working groups were Chase Manhattan Bank Chairman Willard Butcher, Coca-Cola President Donald Keough, retired IBM Chairman Frank Cary and other leading executives of Fortune 500 companies.

Choice Decision

Another antiabortion setback

With gaudy antiabortion posters set up in the normally staid Senate chamber, Republican Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah and his conservative allies pressed for a constitutional amendment that would overturn the historic 1973 Supreme Court decision (*Roe* vs. *Wade*) that guarantees women a constitutional right to abortion. "The country is on a slippery slope to infanticide," warned Senator Jeremiah Denton of Alabama. "Even dogs have more protection than the unborn," said Hatch. But after two days of speeches in a largely empty Senate chamber, the ten-word Hatch amendment fell 18 votes short of the required two-thirds majority last week and failed by two votes to muster even a simple majority.

This was the second recent setback for the pro-life movement. Three weeks ago, a series of Supreme Court rulings solidly supported a woman's right to have an abortion. Said Senator Bob Packwood of Oregon, a leader of the pro-choice forces: "This is the end of any serious effort" by the antiabortion movement. Perhaps, but still to come is legislation pushed by Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina outlawing abortion. This bill faces a Senate filibuster and serious trouble in the House. Even if it passed Congress, it would face problems in the courts. Nonetheless, notes Senator William Armstrong of Colorado, who supports antiabortion measures, "This issue is not going to go away."

■ ■ ■

Surgeon General Everett Koop has announced the Administration's revision of the "Baby Doe" regulations governing some 6,800 hospitals that receive federal funds. Now they must post notices at nurses' stations on each pediatric, maternity and nursery floor stating that failure to give handicapped infants essentially the same quality of care as the nonhandicapped is illegal. The regulations were prompted by a Bloomington, Ind., case last year, when a child born with Down's syndrome was denied surgery and nourishment, and died. In April, a federal judge struck down the original Health and Human Services Department regulations that called for signs in public areas; the new version would require notices to be tacked up only where child-care professionals would see them. Koop maintains that the failure of hospitals to feed and care for disabled newborns is more widespread than commonly believed. But pediatricians generally regard the latest formulation as a police-type measure. The American Academy of Pediatrics was making plans to fight the new regulations in the courts. ■

CYNTHIA JOHNSON

Koop

The "radical" and the team player: one of Washington's most visible husband-and-wife combos

The Package Deal of Jill and Bill

Reagan is rescued by one Ruckelshaus, blasted by another

When the Administration was frantically trying to stop the cascading scandals at the Environmental Protection Agency last winter, the President turned to William Ruckelshaus for help. Ruckelshaus became the new EPA administrator, and the White House has begun to relax as the Republican with the "Mr. Clean" image has started to restore order to the shattered agency. "I want to make people feel good about where they work," he says. "The EPA has always been an agency whose people have a great deal of pride. Despite all the recent turbulence, the pride is still there."

It was one of those ironic twists of Washington political life that Reagan was attacked by one Ruckelshaus even as he was rescued by another. Jill Ruckelshaus, Bill's strong-minded and outspoken wife, has been in the vanguard of frequent anti-Reagan reports that issue from the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights. Last month the commission accused Reagan of not appointing enough women and minorities to Government posts, and of limiting the investigation of sex discrimination at private and public schools and colleges.

Along with Elizabeth and Bob Dole, the Ruckelshauses have become one of the most visible and influential husband-and-wife teams in Washington. In contrast to Jill, Bill has been a quiet team player, moving to rehabilitate the EPA's reputation and employee morale, which were damaged by a spate of congressional investigations into political favoritism, conflict of interest and mismanagement of the toxic-waste program under former Chief Anne Burford.

Ruckelshaus, who was the EPA's first administrator from 1970 to 1973, has issued new standards of conduct for relations with industry representatives, called for a uniform policy for assessing and coping with the risks of toxic chemicals, and stanched the budget cuts that critics charged were crippling enforcement programs. The new director has impressed White House officials, even the few who were initially reluctant to bring him aboard. "It's a measure of how much Reagan needed Bill," a friend of Ruckelshaus points out, "because he knew he was going to have to take Jill too." At 46, Jill Ruckelshaus is not a typical political wife. She holds a master's degree in education from Harvard. She prefers backyard basketball to black-tie dinners, and a quiet family life in a Seattle suburb to the social whirl of Washington, D.C. A decade ago, her vocal support of women's rights earned her the nickname "the Gloria Steinem of the Republican Party."

The recent discrimination flap was not the first time that Jill, who was appointed to the Civil Rights Commission by Jimmy Carter in 1980, has tangled with Reagan. Last year the President attempted to sack her, then backed down. She was due to be replaced again this year, but then her husband joined the Reagan team. Said an Administration official: "It would hardly be the thing to do to boot out the wife of your EPA director."

The couple, who have been married 21 years and have five children (two by Ruckelshaus' first wife, who died during childbirth), are an even-tempered and devoted pair. Bill likes to tease his wife about being the "radical" in the family, but they seem generally unconcerned at the awkwardness of Jill's publicly criticizing her husband's boss. "I've said before, if it ever came to a choice between my job and my wife," Ruckelshaus says, "I'd choose my wife." Adds Jill: "We're not a fairy-tale couple. And there's no big strain on our relationship because of our careers. My family has to come first. We discuss work at home. I give him advice. He does the same to me. We commiserate." ■

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MIDDLE EAST

Facing Syria's Challenge

As rebels keep up the pressure, Arafat searches for support

JACK DABAGHIAN

Arafat's dilemma: beyond the immediate military crisis loomed the larger issue of whether the P.L.O. could retain its independence

With its clean palm-lined boulevards and whitewashed houses, the capital of Tunisia is far, both in spirit and geography, from the fratricidal politics of the Middle East. Nonetheless, Tunis was the scene last week of a series of meetings that were being watched closely by leaders throughout the Arab world. Shuttling between a sumptuous seaside villa and an elegant resort hotel were Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat, who only a week earlier had been unceremoniously declared *persona non grata* in Syria, and key members of the P.L.O.'s powerful Executive Committee. At stake was the future of Arafat's leadership and of the organization that he has transformed from a loose and ineffectual association into a powerful force for Palestinian nationalism.

In keeping with the mood, the men met not amid the gilded furniture of the villa's main floor but in a sparse, well-protected basement room with a solitary window. There, around a plain Formica-topped table, the senior P.L.O. leaders addressed the immediate problem: the plight of several thousand commandos loyal to Fatah, the Arafat-led group that accounts for 80% of the P.L.O.'s membership, who were trapped in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley. For the past two months, a faction of Fatah guerrillas opposed to Arafat's leadership had, with the backing of Syrian armor, gradually pushed the loyalists from their positions eastward across the valley. The fighting threatened to spread to the town of Baalbek, where some 10,000 Palestinian civilians live. Beyond the immediate military crisis loomed the larger issue of whether the P.L.O. could retain its independence in the face of Syrian President Hafez Assad's determined bid to make the organization subservient to Syrian interests.

Wearing his jaunty army cap, Arafat seemed surprisingly relaxed. He joked and smiled as the Executive Committee got down to the hard task of determining what to do in the face of Syria's challenge. By week's end the committee had decided to send a six-man delegation to Syria to hold talks with Assad and the Fatah rebels. About the same time, word reached Tunis that an informal cease-fire had been arranged in the Bekaa. That agreement called for all guerrilla forces on both sides to withdraw from the area around the Beirut-Damascus highway and to release their respective prisoners. Said P.L.O. Spokesman Abdel Mohsen Abu Maizer, in Tunis: "We will not destroy each other. Our main enemy remains those who deny our national rights." At week's end, however, the truce broke down amid sporadic fighting. Observed a participant in the Tunis talks: "According to Arab tradition, we can have confrontation and then reconciliation, but I don't believe we can this time."

Meanwhile the Saudis and the Algerians also tried to heal the breach. Late last week a joint Saudi-Algerian delegation went to Damascus and reportedly urged

MOYER—BLACK STAR

Arafat Military Aide Abu Jihad

No illusions about the size of the rift.

that a summit be convened to bring Arafat and Assad together.

Summit or no, the differences will not be easy to patch up. Deep personal animosity between the two leaders has exacerbated a fundamental and longstanding disagreement over how much independence the P.L.O. should have. Said a senior P.L.O. official in Damascus: "Assad's price for good relations with the P.L.O. has been the same for years. Syria must have a large, and if possible, commanding say over the P.L.O.'s political direction."

Arafat's position began to weaken after the Israeli invasion of Lebanon last summer forced him and his P.L.O. fighters to leave Beirut. More than 10,000 Palestinian guerrillas are now in Lebanon, however, including several thousand who have returned. Those near the front line with Israel in the Bekaa are under the control of Syria's 50,000-man armed force. Tensions began to mount in April, when Arafat met with Jordan's King Hussein to discuss the possibility of allowing Hussein, in association with the Palestinians, to negotiate with the U.S. and Israel on President Reagan's Sept. 1 plan to link the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza to Jordan. Syria strongly opposed the Reagan plan, which ignored Syria's ambitions to play a major political role in the region; so did radical elements in the P.L.O., who charged that Arafat was drawing too close to the U.S. They criticized not only Arafat's discussions with Hussein but his advocacy last September of a peace plan, hammered out by 20 Arab leaders in Fez, Morocco, that implicitly recognized Israel's right to exist.

The Fatah mutiny gave Assad an opening to try to exert greater control over the P.L.O. Syria at present has more troops and armor along the Beirut-Damascus highway than it had there in late May, when tensions with Israel were high. While the mutinous Palestinian fighters, under the leadership of Said Mousa, a veteran Fatah colonel, repeatedly attacked posts manned by troops loyal to Arafat, the Syrians sometimes backed them up with tanks. Led by Arafat's chief deputy for military affairs, Abu Jihad, who has been one of his most trusted aides since 1964, the Fatah loyalists were driven from their positions along the highway across the entire width of the Bekaa.

Fatah Rebel Leader Said Mousa

An opening for a Syrian power play.

From the start, Arafat's personal leadership was not really at issue. Even Colonel Mousa recognized that the P.L.O. has no other personality with the diplomatic skills and stature of Arafat. But the dispute could force a change in both the style and substance of Arafat's actions and produce a more radical P.L.O.

The strongest support for Arafat's leadership came from Palestinians in the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza. A dozen organizations in Nablus expressed their "deep commitment" to Arafat. A poll conducted by an Arab weekly in East Jerusalem reported that 92% of the Palestinians surveyed favored Arafat. Said Mayor Elias Freij of Bethlehem: "We have been deeply moved by the recent events. Let it be known to all Arab leaders that only Israel will gain from all of this."

Israeli officials argued that the Fatah fighting showed that the P.L.O. was too badly split to represent the Palestinian people. But for a brief period last week, Israelis were more concerned about what they perceived to be a shift in U.S. policy. Reports from Washington suggested that the U.S. was pressing Israel to set a timetable for a unilateral withdrawal of its 38,000 troops from Lebanon. But both Washington and Jerusalem later confirmed that the proposal had merely been a "trial balloon" put forth by U.S. Special Envoy Philip Habib. It was rejected by Israel.

At Ansar prison camp in southern Lebanon, Israelis still hold at least 5,000 prisoners

Nonetheless, Israeli public opinion increasingly favors a pullback from Lebanon. Israeli troops continue to suffer casualties. Israelis, moreover, increasingly fear that they will never be able to cope with the quagmire that is Lebanon. One small example of Israel's concern: what to do with at least 5,000 Palestinian and Lebanese prisoners they have held for the past year at Ansar in southern Lebanon.

The next move appears to be up to Assad. Syria, bolstered by the buildup of Soviet arms, is increasingly an Arab power that cannot be ignored. Before leaving for Asia two weeks ago, U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz remarked that "Damascus holds the key" to the withdrawal of foreign forces from Lebanon. As he prepared to return home, Shultz hinted that he might stop over in the Middle East this week, but only if there is "fertile ground" for serious discussions. —*By Marguerite Johnson.*

Reported by Harry Kelly/Jerusalem and William Stewart/Tunis

POLAND

Taking the Long View

The Pope continues his efforts to ease tensions in his homeland

Pope John Paul II returned to work in the Vatican immediately after his triumphant eight-day visit to Poland without even taking his customary rest at the papal summer residence in Castel Gandolfo. But if Roman Catholic Church officials hoped that the Pope would shift his attention to other areas, he made it clear that he still had urgent Polish business to attend to. Though the Pontiff had seen Polish church leaders in Cracow barely a week earlier, he invited a delegation of them, led by Primate Jozef Cardinal Glemp, to Rome. The unusual conference of Polish bishops added to speculation that the Pope's two unexpectedly long meetings with Poland's military ruler, General Wojciech Jaruzelski, had laid the groundwork for a new church-state accord that might, among other things, diminish the influence of former Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa.

Upon his arrival in Rome, Glemp confirmed that the church and Polish authorities had reached an agreement in one critical area. After more than a year of discussion, the government approved in principle a church-sponsored plan to set up a foundation to channel some $2 billion in aid, most of it from Western churches and foundations, to help the nation's 4 million private farmers.

Glemp, however, dismissed reports that the church hoped to organize new, state-sanctioned unions loosely modeled on the banned Solidarity movement. He also denied widespread allegations that the church wanted Walesa to retire from public life. Said Archbishop Henryk Gulbinowicz of Wroclaw, who accompanied Glemp to Rome: "Walesa is still important but not in the same way as before. Perhaps he will return in another way."

Encouraged by the Pope's trip, President Reagan hinted last week that the U.S. would consider lifting trade sanctions against Poland if the Jaruzelski government recognized free trade unions. But Reagan was careful to avoid mentioning Solidarity. Said he: "The Pope has urged the government of Poland to allow a free trade union that is not subject to government control. If they did that, I think that we would review what we are doing and turn back from some of those things."

The first signs that Jaruzelski is committed to gradual liberalization may come as soon as July 22, Poland's National Day. Polish officials have suggested that the government might choose that day to announce the end of martial law and perhaps even proclaim an amnesty for some of the 200 people who the authorities claim are still in detention for martial-law violations. Last week Jaruzelski set off for Moscow to attend the Warsaw Pact summit and explain the papal visit to Poland's worried allies. No doubt the Polish leader's strategy was to accentuate the positive aspects of the Pope's visit. John Paul's public show of support for Solidarity caused the regime considerable embarrassment, but the Pontiff's decision to meet with Jaruzelski in the final hours of his trip certainly helped to shore up the government. According to Vatican officials, the Pope and Jaruzelski even found certain broad areas of agreement and discussed the importance of the lifting of Western trade sanctions. The Communist authorities were also heartened by the controversy raging over what John Paul had said and done during a later meeting with Walesa, whom Polish officials now refer to as a "private citizen."

The day after the Pope returned to Rome, a commentary published in the Vatican daily *L'Osservatore Romano* bluntly noted that Walesa had "lost his battle" and would "pass from the scene." John Paul was said to be so angered by the editorial that he demanded the immediate resignation of its author, Father Virgilio Levi, the newspaper's deputy editor. Some Vatican insiders tried to blame the gaffe on a faction in the church's powerful bureaucracy that disapproved of the Pope's direct involvement in Polish politics. But by then the damage had been done. In a rush to judgment, New York *Times* Columnist William Safire admonished John Paul for "backing away from moral heroism."

The Vatican has refused to comment on the Pope's private audience with Walesa, as has Walesa himself. But TIME has learned from a senior Polish prelate that the meeting between the Pope and Walesa was kept almost entirely on a spiritual level. The Pope praised the former Solidarity leader for his prudence and urged him to continue to exercise it. John Paul encouraged Walesa to accept every future challenge with the spirit and faith of a Christian. Vatican officials insist that the Pope did not ask Walesa to step aside, but John Paul also did not promise that the church would support the banned trade union's underground activities.

Since his meeting with the Pope, Walesa has told family friends that his role would have to diminish in the future. That may have been inevitable. As the most visible embodiment of the high hopes of the Solidarity era, Walesa will not vanish from Polish life overnight. But it also seems unlikely that the banned union he represents will ever have the power to mount a serious challenge to the military regime. Says a Western diplomat in Bonn: "Solidarity today is an emotional force, not a negotiating body."

That thought has a logic that the church can hardly ignore as it tries to find a way out of Poland's impasse. Polish religious leaders have learned to mix political pragmatism with a healthy measure of hope. John Paul is no exception. As he traveled across his native land, the Pope was not afraid to use politically explosive words like "solidarity." But he sought to recast them in ways that would be remembered, and useful, long after the present crisis has passed. Whatever immediate gain the state hoped to reap from the papal visit, John Paul and his church have set their sights on the long term. *—By John Kohan. Reported by Barry Kalb/Rome and John Moody/Warsaw*

"Private Citizen" Lech Walesa goes shopping in Gdansk with Wife Danuta and son

Did the Pope make a deal with the general to cut out the former union leader?

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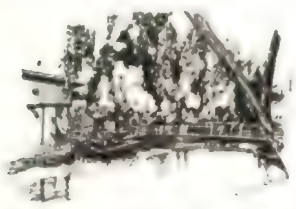

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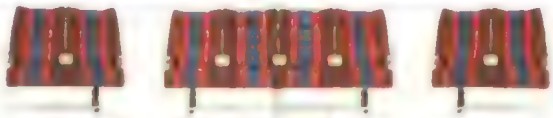

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SOVIET UNION

Summit East

Moscow sends mixed signals

The quietly organized meeting seemed to have been planned as the Soviet bloc's answer to the Williamsburg summit. After all, if the heads of the six most powerful Western nations and Japan could use their conference in May to endorse NATO plans to deploy new nuclear missiles in Western Europe, the Soviets and their allies would want a chance to criticize the scheme in their own forum. But NATO members were in for a surprise. Instead of escalating the war of words, the seven Warsaw Pact leaders who gathered in Moscow last week issued a joint statement that was quite restrained. Said a puzzled Western diplomat in Moscow: "Why circle the wagons if you are not going to do anything?"

The document criticized the "unprecedented" U.S. defense buildup. The Soviet Union and its allies, it said, would not "allow military superiority to be achieved over them." But this oft-repeated warning stopped short of the heavyhanded Soviet hints dropped on the eve of the Williamsburg summit that the Warsaw Pact would consider deploying nuclear missiles in Eastern Europe if NATO went ahead with its plan to install 572 U.S.-made Pershing II and ground-launched cruise missiles in five West European countries beginning in December. Some parts of the Warsaw Pact's final statement were even conciliatory in tone. It noted that "no world problems, including the historical dispute between capitalism and socialism, can be solved by military means." It dusted off old peace proposals calling for a freeze on military spending and urging both sides to pledge not to be the first to use nuclear weapons.

Soviet Defense Chief Ustinov, Premier Tikhonov, Andropov, Foreign Minister Gromyko

The modest change of signals came shortly after the Soviet Union rejected a plan first outlined by President Reagan last March in an effort to end the deadlock in the Geneva talks on intermediate-range nuclear missiles in Europe. The U.S. negotiators asked the Soviets to propose a limit of anywhere from zero to 450 on the number of warheads each side could deploy; in effect, Washington was asking Moscow to trade some of its 360 SS-20 intermediate-range missiles, most of which are targeted on Western Europe, for a reduction in the number of missiles that NATO plans to deploy. Previously, the U.S. had fa-

A Stable Island of Amity

The horse trading in Geneva over arms control may be going nowhere, but the Soviet-American negotiations at Tersk were a success. On a Soviet horse farm nestled in the foothills of the northern Caucasus, 70 Western horse breeders, half of them Americans, gathered with hard dollars in hand for the annual Tersk stud Arabian horse auction. The goods for sale were definitely low technology, and détente flourished.

The buyers sat in a verdant paddock and listened as an auctioneer wheedled, cajoled and otherwise tried to nudge bids upward with capitalist determination. "What's the matter, you leave your wallets at home?" he asked after the first 17 horses were shown and only five were sold for a paltry total of $142,000. To help warm up the bidding and the bidders, Alexander ("Sasha") Ponomarev, Tersk stud manager, seized the gavel and ordered generous rounds of vodka. The stratagem was rewarded. Ken Ford of San Antonio successfully bid $52,000 for a gray mare named Pishka, which he said would be a present for his daughter Tina, 20. After the auction, the Soviets said they had sold 24 Arabian purebreds for a total of $769,600. Said Howard F. Kale Jr. of Scottsdale, Ariz.: "Horse people are always difficult if you're trying to buy their best stock. The Russians are no exception."

Founded in 1921 with a group of fine horses that had survived the Russian Civil War, the Tersk farm held its first auction in 1971, after the Soviets realized they could make hard currency selling Arabian purebreds. The best of the Arabians raised on the bluegrass and rich mineral water at the Tersk farm are acknowledged to be among the world's finest. U.S. Industrialist Armand Hammer and two partners in 1981 paid the Soviets $1 million for Pesniar, now an eight-year-old Arabian stallion that is standing at stud in the U.S. Said an American rancher's wife: "They're the most beautiful horses in the world."

The top price this year was $135,000, paid by Howard Kale for a chestnut mare named Parcha. Breeder and Trader Robijn den Hartog of The Netherlands was the show's major buyer. He says he spent $355,300 for 14 Tersk Arabians. About one-third of the horses sold went to Americans. Some of the rest may eventually be resold to other breeders in the U.S. Before entering the country, the horses must be checked for piroplasmosis, a blood disorder common among Tersk stock. The U.S. will not admit horses that have it.

Americans are relative newcomers to the Tersk Arabian auction. Kale was a pioneer, making his first purchase in 1975. He says that he made 13 trips to the Soviet Union to obtain Muscat, a stallion that was the U.S. national champion show horse in 1980. In the past eight years, Kale has purchased more than 100 horses from the Tersk farm.

An Arabian is presented to prospective buyers at annual equine auction

All parties concerned have found the Tersk auction to be a stable, and profitable, island of amity amid the shifting tides of East-West trade. Equine dealings between the U.S. and the Soviets are even beginning to transcend buying and selling. A new concern called Fidelis International has struck a deal to market Soviet horses and stud services in the U.S. and Canada. Says a Soviet trade official with the terseness of a Yankee horse trader: "This is a good agreement."

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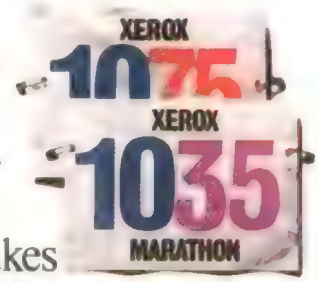

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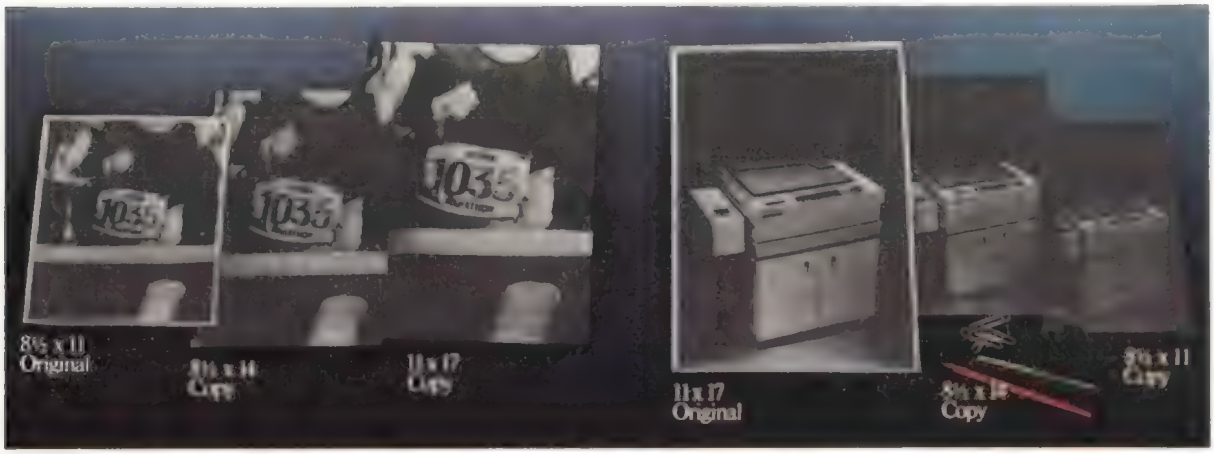

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vored the "zero option," according to which neither side would have any intermediate-range missiles in Europe.

During a visit to Southeast Asia last week, Secretary of State George Shultz said that the U.S. felt it deserved "a responsible answer" rather than a brusque *nyet*. In a response to critics who have charged that the Reagan Administration was not negotiating sincerely in Geneva, Shultz added, "There are those who argue that in negotiations you make an offer, and if nothing is forthcoming, you offer something else. That is stupid, because you are negotiating with yourself. The name of the game is to negotiate with the other side."

However moderate the tone of last week's statement may have seemed, the Kremlin has not changed its basic strategy. It continues to build up its arsenal of SS-20s, while hoping that pressure from peace groups in Western Europe will force the alliance to scuttle its deployment plans. Some Western diplomats surmised that the bland language of the final document was a result of pressure from Rumanian President Nicolae Ceauşescu, who, to Moscow's embarrassment, has frequently criticized both the East and the West for the arms buildup. Another explanation was that the Warsaw Pact leaders wanted to sound a peaceful note on the eve of West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl's meeting with Soviet President Yuri Andropov in Moscow this week. Andropov will undoubtedly urge Kohl not to accept deployment of Pershing II missiles on West German soil.

If the Soviets have shown no sign of wanting to compromise on the issue of nuclear missiles in Europe, they have made slight changes in their bargaining position at the Geneva talks on strategic arms reduction. Though a final agreement is still a long way off, Soviet negotiators have dropped their demand that the U.S. limit the deployment of Trident submarines and Trident II missiles. The Soviets have also stopped insisting that the U.S. restrict the range of cruise missiles launched from bombers.

In addition, Moscow made a gesture last week that was an apparent response to the Reagan Administration's call for concrete action to show good faith in the area of human rights. Fifteen Pentecostals from Siberia were allowed to emigrate to Israel. Some of them had taken refuge in the U.S. embassy five years ago, hoping that U.S. diplomats would help get them out of the Soviet Union.

The Siberian Seven, as they came to be known, were a continuing source of U.S.-Soviet friction. When one of them had to be hospitalized during a hunger strike and subsequently received permission to emigrate, the remaining six voluntarily left the embassy basement. Upon their arrival in Vienna last week, the Pentecostals expressed joy at being in the West but regret that tens of thousands of fellow believers were still waiting back home for exit visas. —*By John Kohan. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof/Moscow*

ITALY

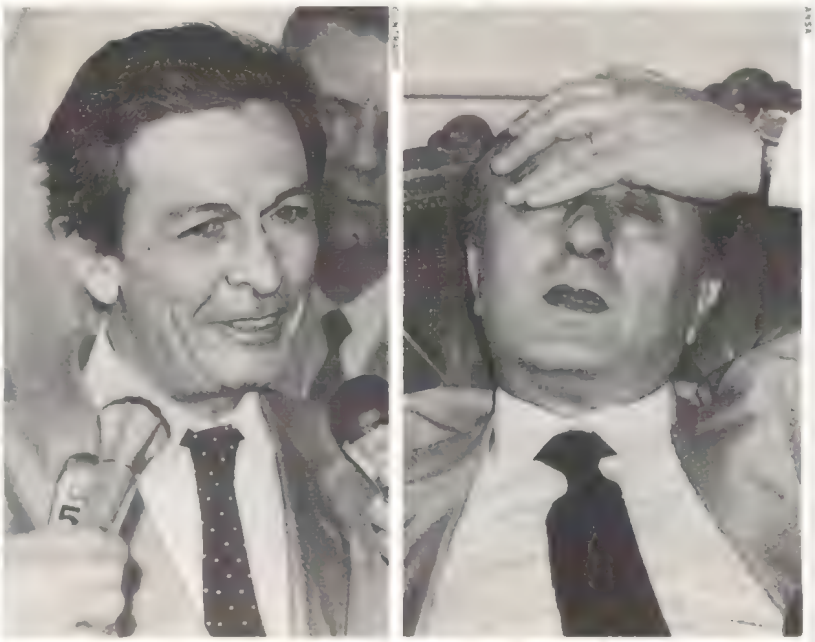
Once Again at the Brink

Cranky voters deal the Christian Democrats a surprising blow

With the notable exception of the Communists, Italy's fractious political parties had good reason to regret last week's national elections, if only because the results left the country more difficult to govern than ever. The last parliament produced six coalition governments in four years. As if they had been asked once too often to settle such incessant power struggles, the electorate this time delivered what amounted to a stunning protest against the government. The major victims of the voters' pique were the Christian Democrats, who have led or dominated every one of Italy's 43 postwar governments. They lost close to 2 million votes and plummeted nearly 6 percentage points from 38.3% of the vote in 1979 to 32.9%, the lowest level in their 40-year history. Summed up Party Secretary Ciriaco de Mita: "What an unexpected kick."

The Communists did relatively better, falling only from 30.4% to 29.9%. Some of the lost votes went to the Socialists, whose share of the popular vote climbed by 1.6% to 11.4%. Still, that was not nearly the gain that Party Leader Bettino Craxi had hoped for when he provoked the elections, a year ahead of schedule, by pulling out of Prime Minister Amintore Fanfani's coalition government last April. Several small rightist and centrist parties also increased their share of the seats.

The unprecedented shift away from the Christian Democrats reflected voter frustration, but it failed to give the country a new governing direction. As the politicians mulled over the election results and resumed their intricate maneuvering, there seemed to be no realistic alternative to another five-party center-left coalition that may turn out to be as fragile as its predecessors and lack the cohesion to impose the economic rigor the country needs. Inflation is at 16% while unemployment, at 10%, continues an upward march. More urgent is the necessity to slash runaway public spending to reduce a threatening $60 billion 1983 budget deficit. The prospect of a series of weak coalition governments is already stirring speculation about the need for new elections in a year or two, when the Communists might do even better. Said a Western diplomat: "Once again the Italians are at the brink. Let us trust that, as usual, they will manage to pull back."



Communist Leader Berlinguer and Christian Democrats' De Mita after the results were in

The result of democratic mechanisms that do not work or work badly.

At Christian Democratic headquarters, the shock of the setback was compounded by its severity. The party's own polls had forecast a vote of 40% to 41%, and Party Secretary De Mita had confidently predicted at least 37%. When De Mita finally emerged on election night, he was shaken. Said he: "We believe the problems of government now are more difficult, more complex. The vote seems to have expressed a judgment of protest, or condemnation." Around the corner, a

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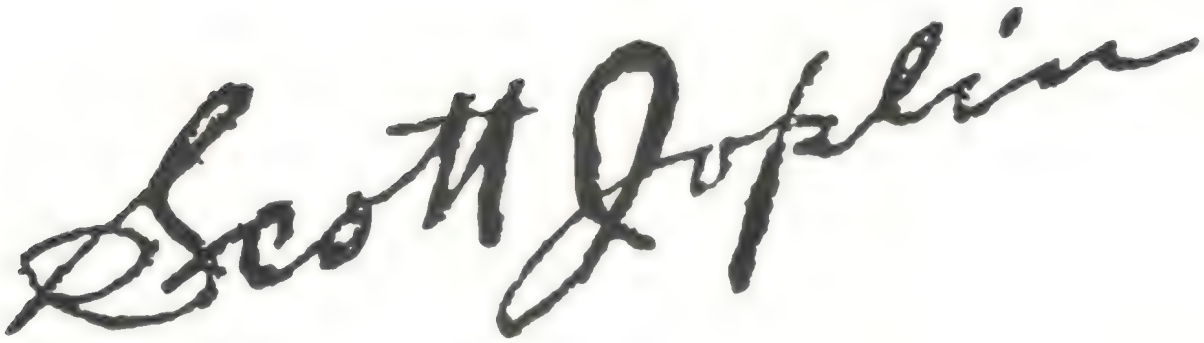

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block away at the Communists' modern, red stucco headquarters, there were scenes of jubilation. As a youthful crowd of 2,000 gathered under umbrellas in a pelting rain, Party Leader Enrico Berlinguer declared, "We shook the tree. Others are gathering the fruit, but no matter; it is the beginning of the end of Christian Democratic predominance. For the first time there is a possibility of a majority of democratic parties without the Christian Democrats." True enough, but so far that possibility is only arithmetic because the Socialists and other small parties refuse to join any coalition that includes Communists.

As the impact of the voters' rebuff sank in, Christian Democratic leaders searched for explanations. Was it a one-shot protest or part of a continuing decline? The most prevalent theory blamed voter fatigue with a party that had been unable to deal with the country's worsening economic ills. Over the years, moreover, the Christian Democrats have been tarred by recurring corruption scandals, alleged Mafia connections and, most recently, charges of links with the Naples underworld. Although the Communists opposed NATO's plans to deploy new nuclear missiles in Italy and other West European countries later this year, the issue provoked little debate and did not influence the vote's outcome.

Some Christian Democratic leaders blamed the setback on costly political mistakes. Under De Mita's leadership the party had sought to renew its image by portraying itself as a reformist force in tune with postindustrial society. That campaign apparently backfired because it alienated people who preferred its role as a repository of traditional values. The Christian Democrats' attempt to glamorize themselves with respected, independent, "celebrity" candidates also failed. Former Bank of Italy Governor Guido Carli fared well enough in Milan, where he was elected a senator, but Film and Opera Director Franco Zeffirelli lost in Florence.

Above all, the Christian Democrats erred in renouncing their time-honored role as the bulwark against a Communist advance. During the campaign, De Mita declared that the party no longer had any ideological objection to the Communists as a democratic alternative. Berlinguer, he noted, had broken with Moscow over Poland and accepted Italy's membership in NATO. The Communists, moreover, were widely perceived to be entering a period of gradual decline. With a minimized menace on the left, anti-Communist voters who had once turned to the Christian Democrats felt free to scatter their votes to other parties.

The task of cobbling together another coalition government promises to be more arduous than usual. Whatever emerges as Italy's 44th postwar government, it will almost certainly be a transitional stop on the way to the 45th. ***—By Frederick Painton. Reported by Jordan Bonfante and Barry Kalb/Rome***

JAPAN

Of Hydrangeas and Ballots

Nakasone wins a vote of confidence, sort of

His name appeared nowhere on the ballots, but Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone acted as if it did. He carefully screened the candidates who would represent his ruling Liberal Democratic Party (LDP), then took to the hustings to campaign on their behalf. Occasionally, the voters seemed to think that Nakasone was running too. In Maebashi, 60 miles northwest of Tokyo in the heart of his own Gumma prefecture, Nakasone was greeted by posters bearing his picture and hundreds of cheering supporters. At one point he recited a haiku praising the local shrubs, and by inference his local constituency. *Looking at* ajisai *[hydrangeas], I feel homesick for Gumma.*

Nakasone at party headquarters in Tokyo

He carefully skirted foreign policy issues.

When the polls closed, Nakasone had reason to smile—if somewhat thinly. In the first national contest since the LDP designated him to be Prime Minister last November, the party picked up an additional three seats in the 252-member upper house of parliament, boosting its total to 137. (The LDP already controls 284 of the 511 seats in the more powerful lower house.)

The vote was quickly interpreted by partisans as an endorsement of the new Prime Minister and his strong pro-Western views. Nakasone has been particularly outspoken in his support of the Reagan Administration's position that Japan should increase defense spending and further open its markets to imports. The election also buoyed Japan's business community: the Tokyo stock market hit record highs twice last week. On the other hand, the Prime Minister intentionally had skirted foreign policy issues during the campaign. The LDP fell short of its goal of a five-seat gain, and the voter turnout of 57% was the lowest since World War II. The apathetic response could be blamed partly on changes in the electoral system that while designed to focus attention on issues rather than personalities, only confused voters.

The big loser was the opposition Japan Socialist Party, which gave up four of its 48 seats. Plagued by factional fighting, the Socialists alienated themselves from their constituents by arguing over such issues as whether Japan should opt for unarmed neutrality and break its long-standing security treaty with the U.S. The party failed to win a single seat in some of the largest districts, including Tokyo and Osaka. After the election, many members called for the resignation of Chairman Ichio Asukata, 68, who had led the group since 1977.

The upper house will be more fragmented as a result of the election. The Communists gained two seats, raising their strength to 14, while the moderate Buddhist-backed Komeito Party broke even with 27. Most surprising of all, a clutch of single-issue parties that sprang up especially for this election won representation. The Salaried Workers Party, which called for lower taxes, took two seats, while the Welfare Party, which opposed cuts in social services, won one.

As important as the allocation of seats among various parties was the performance of rival factions within the LDP. The largest group, which is led by former Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka, did best by gaining six seats, raising its overall total in both houses to 117. This could cause trouble for Nakasone, who was chosen Prime Minister with the backing of Tanaka's group. For the past 6 1/2 years Tanaka has been on trial on charges that he accepted a $2 million bribe from the Lockheed Corp. in 1972. A verdict is expected in early October. Although Nakasone has carefully distanced himself from his controversial patron, he may have to pay more heed now that Tanaka has fortified his own position in the LDP.

The results last week may have bolstered Nakasone, but now he must start fulfilling the promises made when he first took office. He had pledged, for example, to cut income taxes, but the government is already running an annual deficit of $57 billion, more than a quarter of the budget. Most polls, moreover, show that a majority of Japanese oppose higher defense spending. In the coming months, the hydrangeas at home may even look more attractive. ■

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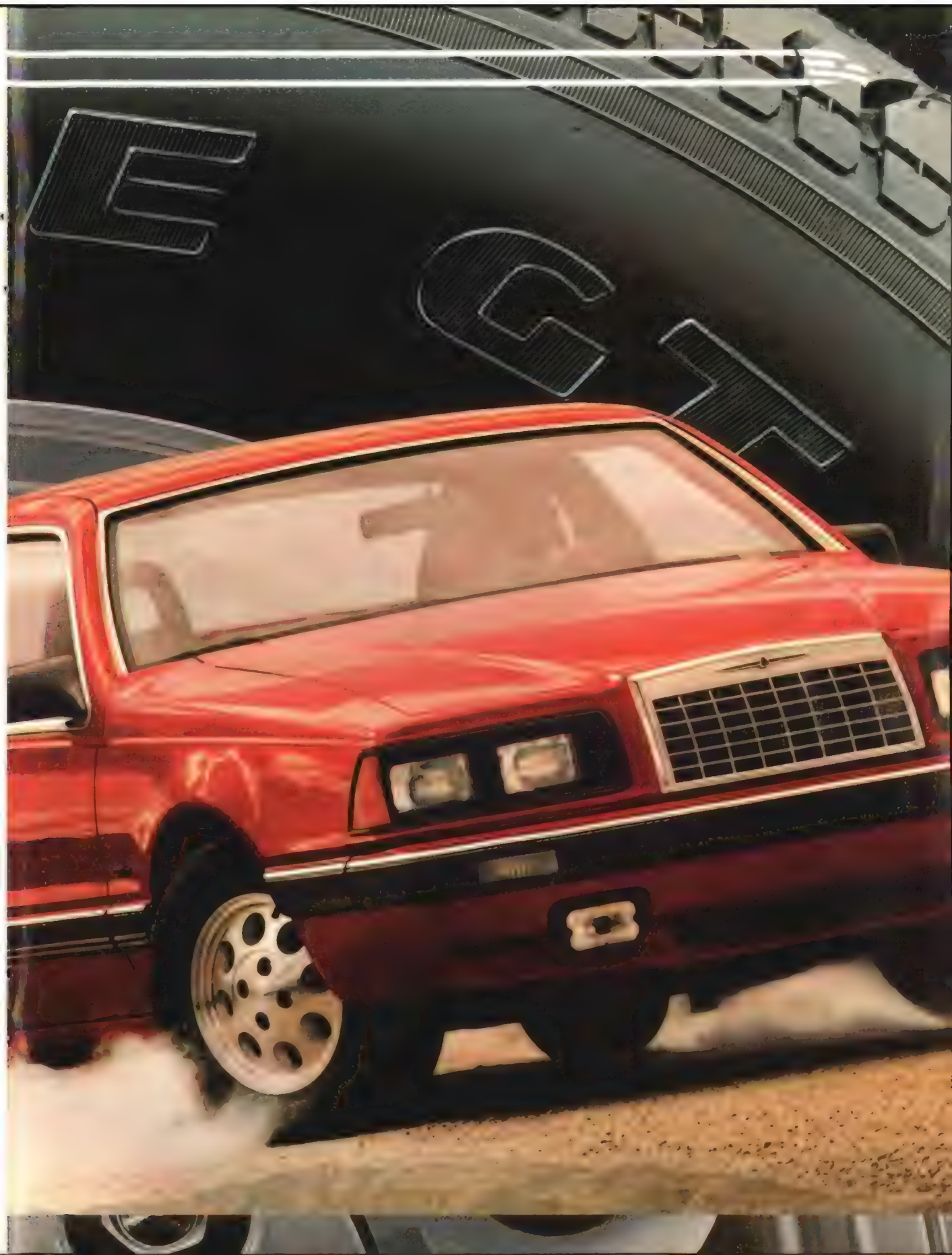
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DISASTERS

Drought, Death And Despair

The cruel vagaries of weather

Without rain there can be no crops. Without crops there is no food, no money and ultimately no hope. For millions of people on four continents this summer there is very little hope.

From India to South Africa, from Brazil to the Philippines, the vicious cycle of drought is having a devastating effect. Bush fires have scorched the arid ground in Ghana and Liberia; in Brazil hot winds from the east have made the desiccated ground still dryer. Some 2 million people are seriously undernourished in South Africa; 3 million in Ethiopia are totally dependent on emergency supplies. In India, where crops throughout 75% of the land have been ruined by a dry spell that in one state has lasted five years, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi has had to spend $600 million in precious foreign-exchange reserves for food imports this year alone. Indonesia, which finally achieved self-sufficiency in rice last year, will need to import 2 million tons of rice this year at a cost of $700 million. Zimbabwe, which enjoys so regular a crop surplus that it exported food to twelve African nations in 1981-82, is this year for the first time reportedly requesting $25 million in food aid.

Meteorologists suspect that droughts in India, Mexico, southern Africa and the Philippines are attributable to El Niño, the Pacific current that may also account for this spring's record rains in California. But El Niño does not explain the aridity of northeastern Brazil, where rainfall this year is running at one-eighth its normal rate. In most afflicted areas, paralyzing dryness is, alas, endemic. Explains Roman Kintanar, president of the World Meteorological Society: "What we have right now is just one of the vagaries of weather."

All the parched countries face the same sad pattern. Along the "Street of Sickness" in northern Brazil's sweltering market town of Irauçuba, a family of twelve huddles in a two-room shack, hoping to survive on the $22 a month it receives from the government. The reason: with no vegetation to eat, cattle have collapsed on their feet, or simply died. Some villagers in India are reduced to chewing grass, sucking the roots of herbs and scrambling alongside animals to lap up water that spills out of pumps. In drought-plagued areas of the Philippines that have seen outbreaks of locusts, even those pests have been sold for food. Millions of Africans are aching through a dry spell perhaps less severe but certainly more widespread than the harrowing drought of 1973, which killed more than half a million. Refugees throughout these afflicted areas are often packed so tightly into camps that contagious illnesses spread swiftly and fatally. Kwashiorkor, a protein-deficiency disease, is sweeping through the infant population in South Africa's black rural areas, but many people cannot raise the $3.50 hospital admission fee.

Village women line up for water in Rajasthan, India's ravaged province

Ethiopian mother with undernourished child

Spreading poverty, disease and chaos.

Those who take to the road in search of food fare little better. During each of the past four rainless years, as many as 20,000 peasants have abandoned the nine-state northeastern area of Brazil for crowded urban centers along the coast. There, they are paid 35¢ an hour and condemned to life in shantytowns. Some 50,000 people fled India's northwestern state of Rajasthan (pop. 34.2 million) last spring; those who stayed are often forced to sell their cattle for less than $1 a head or to smuggle them across the border into Muslim Pakistan, where they may fetch $50. In Ethiopia's rugged mountainous region of Gondar, 200 people have been fleeing across the border into Sudan each day.

In most cases, governments have been unable or unwilling to cope with the problems caused by drought. Hoping to mollify the politically volatile inhabitants of urban slums, authorities in Zambia and Zaïre have held prices for farm produce artificially low and thus exacerbated rural poverty. Zimbabwe's Prime Minister, Robert Mugabe, withheld assistance from those parts of the drought-stricken southwestern province of Matabeleland where rebel factions were most active. Ethiopia continues to spend more than 30% of its budget on arms and less than 5% on importing food.

Grim details in five countries:

INDIA. From the Indian Ocean to the Himalayan foothills, villagers are making offerings of rice and flowers to the rain god Varuna, and schoolchildren begin and end their days by praying for rainfall. But the heavens have rarely responded. In the space of six weeks, 100 of the 8,000 inhabitants of the town of Solankiya died of malnutrition and other drought-related diseases. Even when rain does fall, it comes in the wrong place at the wrong time. A sudden torrential downpour in the western state of Gujarat last week caused raging floods that claimed more than 800 lives. Although this year's monsoons have begun, U.S. experts are predicting major droughts during the next two years. In all, the government estimates that more than 250 million Indians are seriously affected by the drought.

Although India has devoted $810 million to drought relief, all too often the assistance has been haphazardly administered. At one time 40% of the trucks used for transporting water into stricken areas were out of commission. Nor has there been much long-term planning. Although the state of Rajasthan has seen almost no water since 1978, the authorities have been slow in

Victims of drought: withered cows in India, parched paddies in the Philippines

Not having seen a drop of rain in ten months, villagers scoop up water in Irauçuba, Brazil

implementing schemes to distribute water. So far, says a Madras journalist, "man is the villain, not God."

ETHIOPIA. The long lines of gaunt, potbellied children with matchstick limbs are dispiritingly familiar. During the 1973 drought, 200,000 Ethiopians died; this year's disaster is even more pervasive. Gondar province, once known as Ethiopia's grain basket, has become a shriveled wasteland. Where rain has fallen, there are no seeds to plant; where it has not, there is no wood for building, and nothing but straw and dung for fuel. In addition, the remoteness of the area makes communication difficult and the provision of supplies almost impossible. In some camps refugees must either wait 36 hours for their turn at the local well or walk for three hours over rough terrain to reach the nearest source of water.

Reminded of the horrors of the 1973 drought, which helped to bring down Emperor Haile Selassie, the Marxist government of Mengistu Haile Mariam has succeeded in keeping casualties down by activating a relief commission that has already resettled some 10,000 victims and reforested remote, soil-eroded areas. But such efforts can create new problems: for example, after being uprooted, people without an inborn immunity to malaria often prove more vulnerable to the disease. Meanwhile, international relief agencies charge that supplies are falling into the hands of government troops instead of beleaguered civilians. The rains that finally began last month are, in a cruel paradox, a mixed blessing. Weak and shelterless people in the cool Ethiopian highlands are now falling prey to pneumonia.

SOUTH AFRICA. Rural areas, constituting 70% of the nation, have for two years been weathering a drought that is in some areas the worst in more than two centuries. Homeowners in Johannesburg are not permitted to refill their swimming pools, while residents of Durban must now wash their clothes and nurse their flowers with bathwater. But the effects of drought are most urgent in the black tribal homelands. In Zululand, 200,000 cattle without grazing land are expected to die; 98% of the 68,000 wild donkeys in Bophuthatswana will be shot on government orders so that more pasture will be available for cattle, sheep and goats. In the Orange Free State tribal settlement area of Onverwacht, 4,000 have reportedly died. These hardships are having serious political and social repercussions. Says Bishop Desmond Tutu, general secretary of the South African Council of Churches: "I'm fearful that people will begin to kill for food."

Even as South Africa has been drained of $1 billion in foreign exchange, the consequences of drought are rippling out to its neighbors. The country has traditionally exported up to a million tons of corn each year to other African nations.

This year, however, South Africa will have to import corn from the U.S., Argentina and Taiwan.

BRAZIL. Throughout the northeastern area, known as the Polygon of Drought, 21 million people have now endured four years without meaningful rain. As conditions have deteriorated, violence has erupted throughout the hinterland. In the small, cattle-raising town of Monsenhor Tabosa, 1,000 people from the countryside recently sacked a school commissary when the local mayor began distributing rice, beans and flour. Under similar circumstances, 400 angry villagers stormed the local mayor's office in the remote western town of Senhor Pompeu. So far the Brazilian government has spent $800 million to build dams, aqueducts and wells, while trying to create jobs for 600,000 victims. It has tested new methods of planting and new crops. But until the rains return, little that is constructive can be done. Sums up one resident: "It is for God to help us."

THE PHILIPPINES. As the southern island of Mindanao suffers through its worst drought in 50 years, 3 million farmers have lost some 60,000 tons of rice and corn, causing exportable rice stocks to plunge by 69%. Not even faraway Manila is immune: six major dams, the main source of the capital's water and electricity, may soon have to be closed down. As in other blighted areas, the physical wasteland has become a political minefield. President Marcos' wife Imelda perplexed compatriots in May by reportedly pressing the government into phasing out its $320 million U.S. food-assistance program. Citing her husband's ideal of "self-reliance through self-help," the First Lady declared: "There's no reason why the Philippines, which produces enough food, should import from or depend on foreign sources for its food supplies." Among those contesting such logic was Jaime Cardinal Sin, Archbishop of Manila. Said he: "At present the full impact of the drought has not been felt, principally because the National Food Authority has been drawing on its stockpiles. But how long will these stockpiles last?" Although rains have begun to fall, many people expect no relief before November.

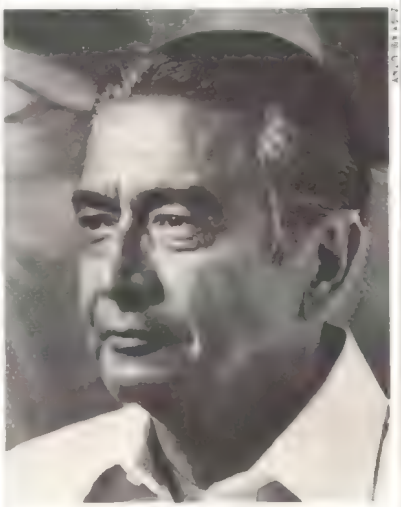
The worldwide picture is not entirely bleak. China, which suffered some kind of drought every year between 1949 and 1982, received a welcome spate of April showers. So too, the worst drought in Australia's history ended last March, when steady rainfall began soaking much of the country. As new seeds have been planted, optimism has flowered. But Australian farmers estimate it could take seven years to undo the damage. In drought-ravaged areas around the world, such problems would seem like blessings. —*By Pico Iyer. Reported by Dean Brelis/New Delhi and Gavin Scott/Rio de Janeiro, with other bureaus*

MEXICO

New Morality

De la Madrid fulfills a pledge

During the election campaign last year Presidential Candidate Miguel de la Madrid pledged to bring about a "moral renovation" of Mexican society, including the investigation of former officials for corruption. In his seven months as President, however, De la Madrid has been criticized for moving slowly against suspect members of the administration of his predecessor, José López Portillo, whose government was widely regarded as corrupt. Last week, in a move that created a nationwide sensation, the government accused Jorge Díaz Serrano, 63, former head of the state oil monopoly, Petroleos Mexicanos (Pemex), and the "architect" of



Former Pemex Chief Jorge Díaz Serrano
The accusations created a sensation.

Mexico's oil boom, of corruption. The charge: defrauding Pemex of $34 million in connection with the purchase of two Belgian natural gas tankers in 1980.

A lifelong friend of the former President's, Díaz Serrano was once considered a possible successor to López Portillo. As a wealthy oil contractor in the 1960s and '70s, he had at one time been in partnership with Vice President George Bush in the Houston-based Zapata Oil Co. Later, after López Portillo appointed him to be director-general of Pemex, Díaz Serrano guided the huge oil exploration program that, in just five years, made Mexico the world's fourth largest oil producer.

As Pemex chief, the flamboyant Díaz Serrano often dealt bluntly with the U.S. As he once put it, "We aim to deal with the U.S. according to our program of energy." In 1978, while he was running Pemex, Mexico abruptly canceled a natural gas sale after the U.S. refused to meet the Pemex price. In June 1981, after the worldwide oil glut had forced Mexico to lower its export price, Díaz Serrano suddenly resigned from his Pemex post after his enemies charged that he had not cleared the price cut with López Portillo.

Last week's announcement astounded Mexican politicians, not only because of Díaz Serrano's prominence but also because of his closeness to López Portillo. Many Mexicans saw the move as an indication that De la Madrid would press similar charges against other members of the former administration. The word in Mexico City, however, is that the new government has decided at the "highest level" not to press for any legal action against López Portillo himself. ■

GUATEMALA

Quick Fix

Ríos Montt ponders a promise

The actors, the props, even the scenario were familiar. Apparently sniffing out plans for at least the seventh coup since he seized power one year ago, Guatemala's President Efrain Ríos Montt last week declared an official "state of alarm" to muzzle his critics. Under the new orders, privately owned firearms are to be confiscated, political meetings are forbidden and nothing may be published or broadcast that might "disturb the peace of Guatemala." The government also reserved the right to search homes at will and to arrest anyone suspected of Marxist-Leninist activities. For the moment, at least, the general had survived.

But Ríos Montt's support was disintegrating. The Catholic Church has been alienated by the continuing influence of the military, not to mention the born-again general's penchant for Pentecostal proselytizing. The business community has been angered by his mishandling of the economy. Meanwhile, civilian political parties were outraged by his refusal to set an early date for promised elections.

The crackdown was provoked by the taped television appearances of right-wing Politician Leonel Sisniega Otero and of Ríos Montt's former junta mate Colonel Francisco Gordillo Martínez. Maintaining that Ríos Montt had reneged on his promises as soon as he came to power, Sisniega declared that he could not call the President "a dictator, because he isn't good enough for that. He is a tyrant." Gordillo, whom Ríos Montt muscled out last year, accused the general of having tried to pay him to resign quietly. Gordillo then threatened to stage a coup, warning that "the government intends to keep power for many, many years."

Their broadcast and the brief public demonstrations that followed underscored the precariousness of Ríos Montt's authority. Acknowledging that frailty, the government swore in an electoral tribunal to prepare for constitutional assembly elections, probably to be held in July 1984. ■

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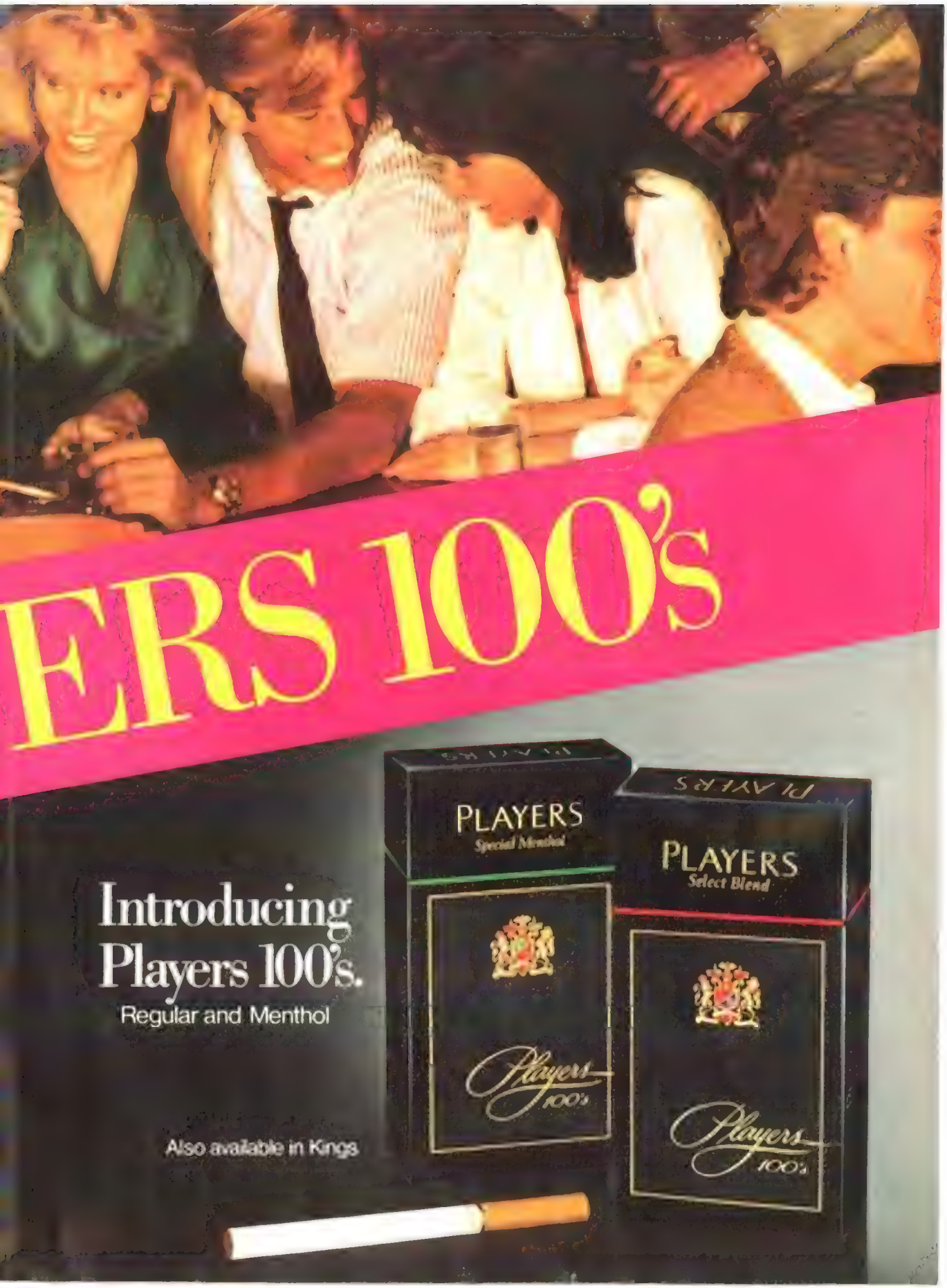
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Martina's Turn at the Top

With dispatch, Navratilova repeats at Wimbledon

Billie Jean King, who will turn 40 before her next Wimbledon, or the next Wimbledon, is approximately eleven years older than Chris Evert Lloyd, who is approximately eleven years older than Andrea Jaeger. Besides representing a tidy chronology of women's tennis, they were the forces marshaled this past fortnight on one flank of the Wimbledon draw, the side opposite Martina Navratilova, 26, whose only point of reference lately is herself. In seven matches averaging just over three-quarters of an hour, Navratilova lost no sets and only 25 games, defeating Jaeger at the end for her fourth Wimbledon women's singles title and second in a row. The opening set of the 6-0, 6-3 final took 16 minutes. At one point Martina's dress came undone; everything else held together. "I was looking at the clock," Jaeger admitted. "'I better take my time on the changes,' I thought. The match was going kind of fast." Maybe the simplest description of Navratilova's command now is that she can turn the No. 3 player in the world into a clock watcher. "I'm not unbeatable," Martina says, "but I'm pretty difficult to beat."

Evert Lloyd, who lost to Navratilova in last year's final, fell to unseeded Kathy Jordan in this year's third round, ending a stunning run of consistency unappreciated before and nearly unfathomable now. Counting every major tournament she ever entered—35 Wimbledons, U.S. Opens, French Opens and Australian Opens since 1971—this was the first time Evert Lloyd failed to reach the semifinals. "I never realized," said Navratilova in hushed awe. For a year and a half Martina has been the best women's tennis player; for ten years Evert Lloyd has defined what that means. "It was always normal for me to live up to my seeding," Chris says, without complaining, though there must be a particular hurt in having always to accomplish that much before ever accomplishing anything. "I expected it from myself. I am a perfectionist."

Though pale and plainly sick the day she lost, Evert Lloyd made little of that afterward. Since she holds the other three major titles at the moment, a grand slam, admittedly not the calendar one, was lost too. Still her grace in defeat was heroic, in contrast to the style of the defending men's champion and top seed Jimmy Connors, who fled in a fury after his fourth-round loss to a big server from South Africa, twelfth-seeded Kevin Curren.

Connors' departure brought attention to the less familiar skills of 16th-seeded American Tim Mayotte, unseeded New Zealander Chris Lewis and Curren on one side of the bracket, while John McEnroe (No. 2 seed) and Ivan Lendl (3) fought it out rather tamely on the other. Lendl has a slight allergy and tremendous aversion to grass and actually skipped Wimbledon last year. But at 23, he appears ready to confront McEnroe, 24, on every surface from here on out. This is the next great tennis argument and they should be years settling it. Each man likes the other about as much as a foot fault at match point, and the promise of tennis with extra spice brought the former King of Greece and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher to the royal box. McEnroe looked up and thought to himself that Thatcher's presence was appropriate: "Two conservative guys playing." He won their semifinal in three straight and serene sets. Subsequently, the improbable Lewis beat Curren in a thrilling five-setter and gave thought to an upset of McEnroe.

The upset of Evert Lloyd had given King so much hope (and Wimbledon so much hope for her) that from the moment she was dismantled by Jaeger in the semifinals, 6-1, 6-1, the tournament became subdued. Several days before, King said breezily of Jaeger, "She looks so young, but she seems so old." Not unkindly, the reverse may be said of King, whose battle scars start at the knees. She retired once, for a year, after winning her sixth Wimbledon singles championship in 1975 (she has collected 20 Wimbledon titles in all) and stepped away again momentarily in 1981. "Athletes are preconditioned to quit on top," she said before the match that would have brought her to a tenth singles final. "but then I realized that I didn't care what the public thought or anyone thought—I still wanted to play tennis. And I'm going to make every moment count now. It's near the end."

Her opponents' almost ridiculous youth confirms it. So many of them are the pigtailed picture of Patty McCormack in *The Bad Seed* swearing to her mother that she had not set fire to the handyman. "These kids were two years old," King says with a sigh, "when I was No. 1." They delight her even so, and she smiles as she observes, "When you're young, you think you're the center of the universe. When you're older, you realize you're just a little speck." Immediately following her worst defeat in 22 years at Centre Court, King acknowledged, "Yes, I took a last look over my shoulder—just in case." But she will probably return. "I'll be dreaming of winning Wimbledon when I'm 80." Evert Lloyd is sure to be back. "I've always bounced back after a disappointment," Chris says with that familiar glint of purpose. Navratilova is pretty difficult to beat, but she is not unbeatable.

On her way to victory last week without losing a set

Her only point of reference lately is herself.

Virginia Wade, "Our Ginny" everywhere from the London *Times* to the fishier fish wrappers, and a quarter-finalist this year at nearly 38, ticks off Navratilova's list of parts: "So fit, so fast, so quick off the mark, so athletic, so confident. To me, she's like a highly tuned sports car, a Ferrari really." If the common allusions to machines bother Martina, she conceals hurt feelings well these days. Little seems to distress her, including a turmoil of counselors and coaches, who peck at computers as she plays, as though they were operating her by remote control. "The computer has done nothing for my tennis but wonders for my diet," she says happily. "I live not from one match to the next but from one meal to the next. I like to eat." Wimbledon champion and a size eight, she has "never felt so comfortable." Asked if she has any doubt that she is the greatest woman tennis player in the world, she replies: "Is there anyone who doubts it?" Her goal always was "to be the best at my best and good enough when I'm not playing so well." The last may still be a question, but the first is confirmed. —*By Tom Callahan*

People

Kennedy: *Murder* by George!

Actors are always talking about writing themselves a juicy part. But when Academy Award Winner **George Kennedy,** 58 *(Cool Hand Luke),* actually sat down to do a book, he left no doubt as to who would be the obvious choice to play the main character. In *Murder on Location,* a hard-boiled tale of Hollywood low jinks, the sleuthing hero is an actor, just like George, a private pilot, just like George, and is named—you guessed it—George Kennedy. Avon books has run off 185,000 paperback copies and the film rights have already been snapped up. As for the plot, well, the book jacket copy says it all: "Lights! Camera! Murder! The picture had box-office bucks written all over it. Top talent, a big budget and a great script. Until someone on the set started changing the story line to *murder.*" Maybe it will all lead to a sequel, say, a psychological thriller about an actor-pilot-writer who while playing himself becomes so enmeshed in the circularity of his various roles that his private persona vanishes forever.

■

"He's our modern-day version of the great heroes who appeared from time to time throughout history," said President **Ronald Reagan.** "There were many like him in the past—pioneers, soldiers, lawmen, explorers—people who all went out and put their lives on the line for the cause of good." Whom did he mean? An astronaut, perhaps, or a star FBI drug buster. No, Reagan was praising Agent 007 in a filmed appearance on a British TV special, *James Bond, The First 21 Years.* The President did not seem troubled by the fact that Ian Fleming's superspy also has a reputation for booze (vodka martinis, shaken not stirred), fast women and a quick trigger—not precisely dear-to-the-heartland pulpit pleasers. White House embarrassment did not develop, however, until a Washington, D.C., TV station, which had picked up the program, began using the President's words for 30-second promo spots. The program went on as scheduled, but before it did, the station pulled the plugs, effectively canceling double R I's license to shill.

Roger Moore as Bond with friends in *Moonraker:* thank you Mr. President

■

"The thrill of a lifetime," proclaimed Vice President **George Bush,** 59, after he and five-time Wimbledon Winner **Bjorn Borg,** 27, came from behind in a friendly but hard-fought game of doubles at Stockholm's Royal Tennis Hall to defeat Sweden's former Davis Cup Star **Jan-Erik Lundquist,** 46, and the country's Ambassador to Washington, **Wilhelm Wachtmeister,** 60, 3-6, 6-1, 6-3. The winning team's post-mort opinions of each other's play reflected the differing strengths of their diplomatic strokes. "I think he played very well," said Borg of Bush's flashy net game and a serve that was sometimes hot, sometimes not. Of Borg, Bush bubbled, "Fantastic. Anybody that can carry me has got to be good."

Bush and Borg discussing strategy during their doubles match

■

Forty years ago, when a decent pair of what used to be called sneakers went for about $5, good college basketball players were about the size of say, Republican Senator **Bob Dole,** 59, who in his days at the University of Kansas was a guard when the school won the Big Six championship. Today the shoes would set you back $40 plus, and college basketball stars look more like Georgetown University's 7-ft. center **Pat Ewing,** 20. For the past two summers, Ewing has been playing down his awesome height in an attempt to assume the disguise of a mild-mannered intern with Dole's Senate Finance Committee. Like other interns, the sophomore runs errands, helps out at committee hearings, does research and fits right in. Says the 6-ft. 2-in. Dole: "In Washington it's good to have friends in high places."

—By E. Graydon Carter

Dole and Ewing outside the office

A Green Light, with Conditions

The Justices okay tax aid for parochial school education

One of the dearly held goals of the Reagan Administration has been to provide financial relief for parents sending children to private schools. But even the plan's most fervent supporters have worried that it might not withstand a constitutional challenge. Though the U.S. Supreme Court has upheld laws permitting states to provide secular textbooks to both private and public schools and to pay for transporting students to private as well as public academies, it has regularly struck down other forms of aid. Reason: since so many private schools are connected to a religion, most public assistance leads to a forbidden entanglement of church and state.

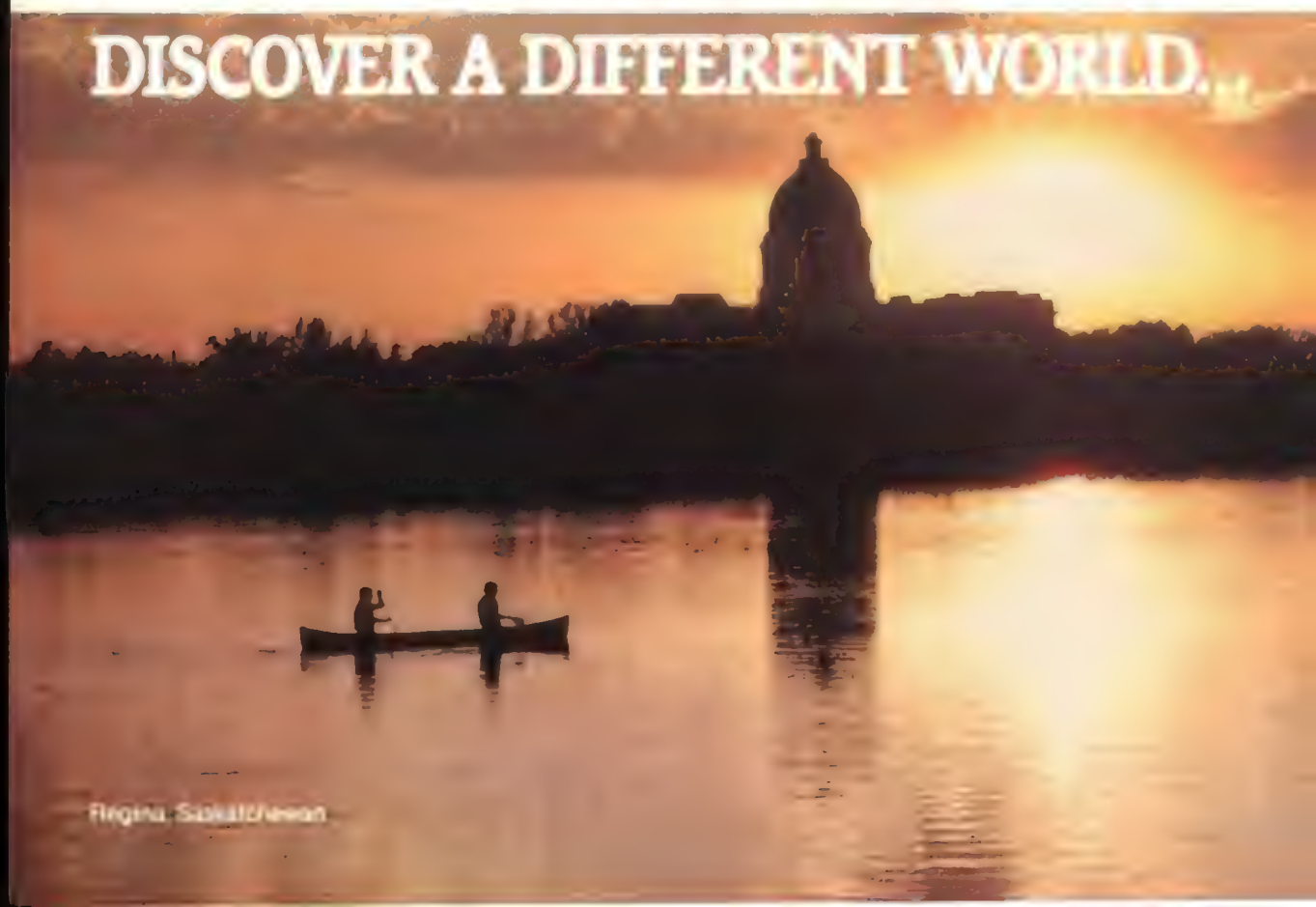
Last week the court appeared to soften its traditional stance by upholding a Minnesota statute that allows parents to take tax deductions for education costs at a church-affiliated private school. The action gave new heart to the Reagan Administration. Said U.S. Solicitor General Rex Lee: "It's an important new beachhead." The Minnesota statute authorizes deductions of $500 to $700 spent by parents on "tuition, textbooks and transportation" for any child in grade or high school. By a 5-to-4 vote, the court found Minnesota's plan crucially different from other tax programs that had been ruled unconstitutional because the benefit is available to all parents, whether their children attend private or public schools.

Writing for the majority, Justice William Rehnquist brushed aside the argument that parents of children in public schools may find it impossible to scrape up $700 in deductions; nor was Rehnquist concerned that 96% of private school children whose parents took the benefits attend parochial schools. Even though religious institutions may profit most from the law, Rehnquist wrote, a program "that neutrally provides state assistance to a broad spectrum of citizens is not readily subject to challenge under the Establishment Clause" of the First Amendment.

Speaking for the dissenters, Thurgood Marshall warned that "this result is flatly at odds with the fundamental principle that a state may provide no financial support whatsoever to promote religion." Indeed, after the decision was announced, public school educators and teachers' unions charged that the decision could lead to the draining of funds from an already strapped state educational system. Said Matthew Stark, executive director of the Minnesota Civil Liberties Union, which had tried to overturn the statute: "The public school system has been the great socializer. It's one of the few common meeting grounds in America. The Supreme Court decision is threatening the very existence of that system."

Responded St. Paul Attorney Joseph O'Neill, who represents a parents' group that supports tuition breaks: "Diversity, competition and plurality are basic in a democracy." There may now be more such competition. A day after the court's action, New Jersey legislators introduced a new tax-exemption proposal, and other states are expected to follow. At the federal level, the Reagan Administration is backing a bill giving parents tax credits to cover private school tuition.

Even if the measure passes Congress, its constitutional validity is by no means assured. The court hinted that a tax deduction, rather than the Administration's proposed tax credit, is preferable; a credit



is a slightly more direct form of aid to religion, while deductions have long been permitted for charitable contributions to churches. In addition, warns Harvard Constitutional Law Professor Laurence Tribe, who welcomed last week's ruling: "The Supreme Court decision will give the Reagan proposal a constitutional green light only if it is broadened to include public as well as private school parents." The Senate Finance Committee has already turned down an amendment that would have remodeled the Reagan-backed proposal to accomplish just that. After last week's decision, Minnesota Republican David Durenberger announced that he would reoffer the amendment.

The Justices last week also decided two major criminal cases:

▸ By a 5-to-4 vote, the court ruled explicitly for the first time that the mere length of a prisoner's sentence can be so excessive, considering the crime committed, that it violates the Eighth Amendment's ban on "cruel and unusual punishments." Jerry Helm, 36, was convicted in 1979 in South Dakota of passing a bad check for $100. The crime ordinarily carries a maximum sentence of five years and a fine of $5,000. But Helm had six prior felony convictions (three for burglary, one for grand larceny, one for obtaining money under false pretenses and one for drunk driving), so he was sentenced under a repeat-offender statute. The judge imposed the maximum punishment allowable, life imprisonment without possibility of parole.

Seven-Time Offender Helm

Life without parole can be too cruel.

In tossing out the sentence, the court noted that all of Helm's crimes were relatively minor, that none involved violence and that the punishment he received was the same or stiffer than that imposed in the state for far more serious crimes. The decision may prompt judges to be less draconian in sentencing small-time offenders, but civil liberties lawyers expect no flood of petitions from current prisoners, in part because most state sentences cannot be challenged after 120 to 200 days.

▸ In another 5-to-4 decision, the court ruled that a person acquitted of a criminal act by reason of insanity may be held in a mental hospital for longer than the time he might have served in prison if he had been convicted. The case involved Michael Jones, who was arrested in Washington, D.C., for attempted shoplifting, a misdemeanor that carries a maximum sentence of one year. He pleaded insanity and has been in a mental hospital since 1976. To win release under the city's law, either the hospital must certify that Jones is cured or he must prove his sanity by a preponderance of evidence.

His lawyers argued that after a year had elapsed, constitutional due process required that Jones either be set free or be considered a patient under involuntary civil commitment. That would mean the government would have to justify continued confinement with clear and convincing evidence that he is still mentally ill and dangerous. The court rejected the argument. It declared that there are enough "important differences" between mentally ill patients under civil commitment and those hospitalized after an insanity defense to continue indefinitely the Washington requirement that an inmate must show he is entitled to release. —*By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Marc Hequet/Minneapolis and David S. Jackson/Washington*

COVER STORY

The Colossus That Works

Big Blue uses salesmanship and innovation to bestride the computer world

IBM. Three of the most famous letters in American business. For years the International Business Machines Corp. towered over the office-equipment industry. Then in the 1970s, besieged by Government antitrust charges and challenged by ambitious new rivals, the giant seemed to be staggering, and those three famous letters lost a bit of their luster. Was IBM's dominance in jeopardy?

Not a chance. Under the direction of John Opel, 58, who became chief executive officer in January 1981, the firm has been acting like its brashest competitors—entering new markets, chasing the latest technology, trimming organizational fat and selling more aggressively than ever. In 1982, IBM had profits of $4.4 billion on sales of $34.4 billion, making it the most profitable U.S. industrial company. Says Stephen McClellan, author of an upcoming book on the computer industry: "In the 1970s, IBM was a battleship in mothballs. Today it is a fleet of killer submarines."

Nowhere was the company's lean new stance more evident than in the way it plunged into the personal-computer market in August 1981. Tackling the mass market for computers for the first time, the company broke many of the traditions that had made it so successful in the past. Yet its new machine, the Personal Computer, generally known simply as the PC, has done nothing less than transform the industry. IBM has already captured 21% of the $7.5 billion U.S. market for personal computers, a staggering feat in so short a time, and is virtually tied with pacesetter Apple Computer, which had a four-year head start.

Big Blue, as IBM is nicknamed for the corporate color it puts on many products, is a mighty competitor in a range of products from electric typewriters that sell for $800 to data-processing systems that can

A proud gallery, clockwise from above: multiple-exposure photo of a robotic device; a 288K memory chip; the firm's new 43-story Manhattan building; semiconductor wafers

cost more than $100 million. It commands some 40% of the worldwide market for computing equipment and produces some two-thirds of all mainframe computers, which are big and medium-size business machines. So great is IBM's pre-eminence that rivals often seem to be running in a different race. Digital Equipment, the No. 2 computermaker, has less than one-fifth of IBM's sales. Says John Imlay Jr., chairman of MSA, an Atlanta-based software company "IBM is simply the best-run corporation in American history."

At a time when American business sometimes seems to be slipping, IBM's triumphs have served as a reminder that U.S. industrial prowess and know-how can still be formidable. Struggling U.S. steel and automakers have been severely hurt by Japanese and European imports, but Big Blue's competitiveness is unquestioned. The company is the leading computer firm in virtually every one of the some 130 countries where it does business "IBM is like your papa," says a Swiss computer-marketing specialist, "because it's so big and it's always there." Even in Japan, which has six major domestic computermakers and restricts access to its markets, IBM is easily the dominant producer of large computers and is fighting Fujitsu for the overall title. Last year IBM sold $1.9 billion worth of equipment in Japan to Fujitsu's $2.1 billion

For all of its success, IBM has been rethinking some of the ways it does business. In a dramatic departure from its traditional practices, IBM built the PC largely from parts bought from outside suppliers and is selling it through retail outlets like Sears and ComputerLand, as well as its own sales network. The company has begun offering discount prices and introducing new products at an accelerated rate. Last December IBM spent $250 million to acquire 12% of Intel, a leading computer-chip maker based in Santa Clara, Calif. In June IBM paid $228 million for a 15% stake in Rolm, also of Santa Clara, a major producer of telecommunications equipment. IBM plans to use Rolm to help create the so-called electronic office Says Ulric Weil, a top computer analyst for Morgan Stanley & Co. "We're watching a total transformation of the corporation."

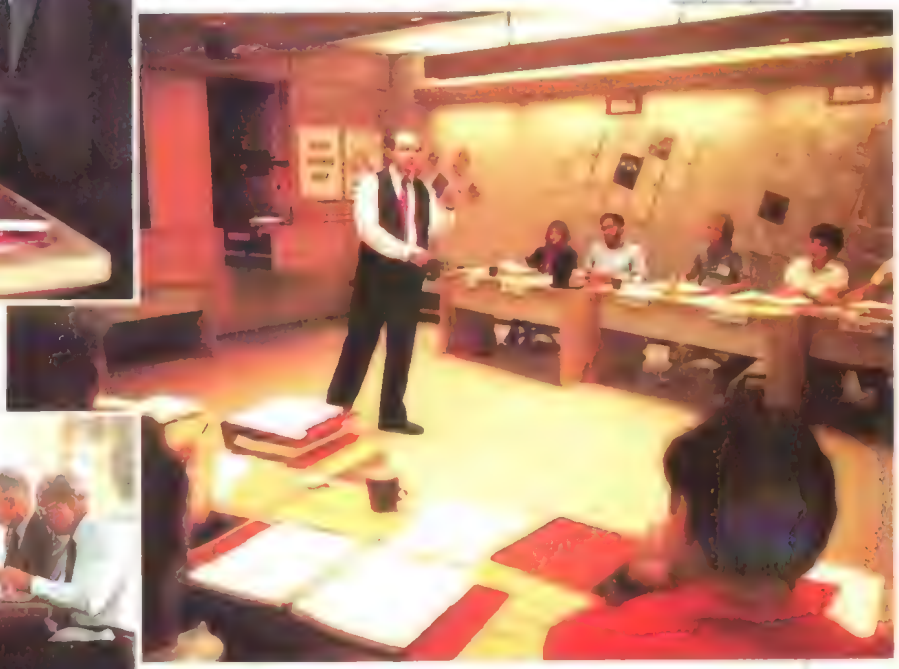
In June IBM Chairman Opel announced that 1983 results were outstripping last year's. That helped push up the price of IBM stock, a leader in the eleven-month-old Wall Street bull rally. After years of hardly moving, IBM shares have nearly doubled in price since the rally started, climbing from 62¼ last August to close last week at 121

Traditionally, IBM has been so deep in talent that its alumni have gone on to staff laboratories and executive suites throughout the computer industry. "Almost everybody in the business seems to be a former IBMer," observes William Easterbrook, an ex-IBM manager in Copenhagen who now watches the computer industry for Kidder, Peabody, a Wall Street securities firm. Illustrious former employees include Gene Amdahl, founder of Amdahl Corp. (1982 sales: $462 million), which makes large computers; Joe M. Henson, president of Prime Computer (1982 sales: $436 million), a major producer of minicomputers; and David Martin, president of National Advanced Systems, the computer unit of National Semiconductor. Former employees usually speak highly of Big Blue. Says Flavil Van Dyke, president of Genigraphics, a computer-graphics firm: "I still look back fondly at IBM and try to run my company by IBM standards."

Customers of IBM often speak with that same kind of devotion. Some have been known to refuse to see salesmen from rival firms. Says James Marston, vice president for data processing with American Airlines: "You can take any specific piece of hardware or software and perhaps do better than IBM, but across the board IBM offers an unbeatable system." IBM buyers range from Government agencies like the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which directs space-shuttle missions with Big Blue equipment, to firms as diverse as Bank of America and Coca-Cola.

Longtime industry observers view the loyalty of some customers as a natural outgrowth of the attitudes that IBM drills into its workers from the day they arrive. "IBM creates an environment that is unique because of its strong set of beliefs and principles," says Martin. "It is almost overwhelming how it affects employees and rubs off on customers."

IBM's strong corporate culture is the lengthened shadow of Thomas Watson Sr., a charismatic executive who joined the Computing-Tabulating-Recording Corp. in 1914, renamed it International Business Machines in 1924, and



Chairman John Opel at his stand-up desk; an instructor during a management training class; staff members eating lunch outside the cafeteria at the Armonk headquarters

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICH HARTMANN—MAGNUM

An operator monitors automated equipment as tiny wires, inset, are added to the logic circuits

ran it until a month before his death in 1956. Watson was a visionary who believed above all in his company.

Under Watson, IBM had rules for practically everything. Employees were told what to wear (dark business suits, white shirts and striped ties) and what to drink (no alcohol, even when off the job), and were urged in signs posted everywhere to THINK. Aspiring executives usually started out in sales and marketing and were transferred so frequently that they took to joking that IBM stood for "I've Been Moved." Observes Gideon Gartner, chairman of the Gartner Group, a computer-research firm: "If you understand the Marines, you can understand IBM."

Many of the Watson-instilled codes remain in effect today, though in a softened form. All IBMers are subject to a 32-page code of business ethics. Sample warning from the blue-covered rulebook: "If IBM is about to build a new facility, you must not invest in land or business near the new site."

IBM salesmen can now drink at lunch, but if they do they are warned not to make further business calls that day. Male IBMers, who make up 80% of the 8,500-member U.S. sales force, must wear suits and ties when meeting prospective customers, although their shirts no longer must be white. Still, a neat and conservative appearance remains the IBM style. "I don't think I've ever seen an IBMer in a pink shirt or an outlandish tie," says Joseph Levy, a vice president for International Data, a Massachusetts-based computer market-research firm. The THINK signs have largely vanished, but the old admonition remains the title of the company's employee magazine.

IBM has combined Watson's stern codes with a deep and genuine concern for the welfare of employees, who number 215,000 in the U.S. with an additional 150,000 abroad. The company has often fired workers, but it has never laid anyone off to cut costs; instead it retrains and reassigns them. The company's salaries and perks are widely regarded as among the most attractive in the industry. New employees are expected to spend their working lives with the firm, and regularly go through intensive training programs to upgrade their skills. "We hire with a career in mind," says Edward Krieg, director of management development. Although some overseas IBM plants are unionized, the firm has never had a union vote in any U.S. facility.

Technicians track silicon-wafer production

Investments in the '70s led to current growth.

The generous fringe benefits extend to recreation. The company provides memberships for less than $5 a year in IBM country clubs in Poughkeepsie and Endicott, N.Y. There, employees can play golf, swim and participate in numerous other sports.

Watson was especially adept at motivating workers and inspiring loyalty. He personally commissioned a company songbook and led employee gatherings in numbers like *Ever Onward*.* The song was belted out with gusto during get-togethers of the IBM 100% Club, made up of members who have met 100% of their sales goals for the previous year.

Watson was succeeded by his son Thomas Watson Jr., who served as chief executive officer from 1956 to 1971. A powerful executive in his own right, the younger Watson had helped persuade his father to steer IBM into the computer age. After retirement, Thomas Watson Jr. was U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union under President Carter.

More than anything else, it was IBM's awesome sales skills that enabled the company to capture the computer market. Although it now seems hard to believe, IBM did not introduce the first commercial computer. Remington Rand did that in 1951 with a computer called Univac, which became the name of the firm's computer division. But Big Blue knew far more about winning customers than did Univac. IBM, whose major products at the time included calculators and tabulators, recognized that potential buyers might be frightened by the cost and complexity of computers. When the company entered the market in 1952, it set a high priority on dispelling customer fears. Buyers were promised that IBM service engineers would keep a close watch over the machines and quickly fix any glitches. The salesmen were so knowledgeable and thoroughly trained that their very presence inspired confidence. Univac representatives, by contrast, were seen to dwell on technical details that customers could barely follow.

The race was over by 1956. IBM had won a staggering 85% of the U.S. computer market, even though its machines were

*Sample lyric: "Our products are known/ In every zone/ Our reputation sparkles like a gem/ We've fought our way through/ And new fields we're sure to conquer too/ For the ever-onward IBM."

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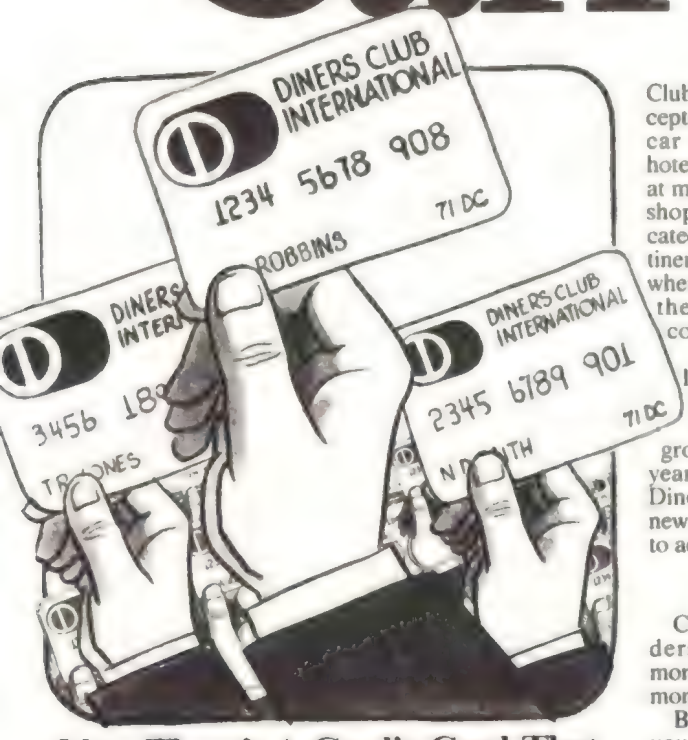

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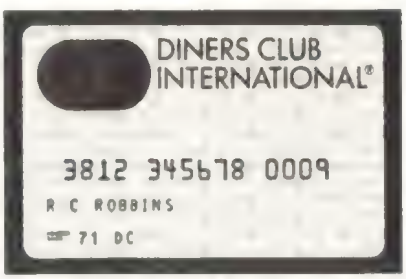

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considered to be technically inferior to Univac's. Years later a Univac executive would lament, "It doesn't do much good to build a better mousetrap if the other guy selling mousetraps has five times as many salesmen."

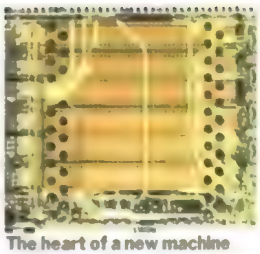
The Univac episode helped give rise to the belief that IBM's real strength is in selling while its technical prowess often lags. Says Kenneth Leavitt, president of CGX Corp., a Massachusetts-based maker of high-performance display terminals: "IBM tends to be a step behind in technology but very good at marketing. There are all sorts of new technologies that IBM doesn't have the expertise to get."

Such claims naturally make IBMers bristle. "This is a shibboleth cultivated by certain Wall Streeters," declares Paul Low, manager of the IBM plant in East Fishkill, N.Y. "Nobody who peeks inside any of our 29 laboratories could fall for that nonsense." Company spokesmen like to point out that IBM spent $3 billion on research, development and engineering last year, an amount that exceeds the total revenues of many of its rivals. The firm has also taken the offensive in a new advertising campaign that boasts of the more than 11,000 patents IBM inventors have acquired over the past 25 years.

Actually, IBM is skilled at blending both marketing and technical considerations. That goes a long way toward explaining how so huge a company has kept its edge in an industry where key breakthroughs are often made by blue-jeaned engineers working out of their garages.

What IBM seeks, above all, is products that sell. "They have tried to understand what the customer wants," says Stuart Madnick, a professor of management-information systems at M.I.T.'s Sloan School. "Often the customer didn't need or want the more advanced technology that others have produced. In many companies the technology has grown faster than the market can absorb."

IBM evaluates buyers' needs in fine detail. "IBM will listen to almost anybody," says Joseph Levy of International Data, which analyzes computer-market trends. "It is one of our best customers." Big Blue subscribes to virtually every major computer market-research service and has a worldwide intelligence-gathering network that includes economists and market analysts.


The heart of a new machine

The company takes equal pains in keeping the skills of its personnel up to date. Last year, for example, IBM invested more than $500 million on employee education and training. Most new IBMers spend much of their first six weeks in company-run classes, and managers are required to take at least 40 hours of additional instruction a year. The classwork often focuses on actual business case studies, in the manner of the Harvard Business School.

The IBM management formula worked so well that the company in the 1960s came to be known as Snow White while its competitors were derisively dubbed the Seven Dwarfs. The dwarfs (Burroughs, Univac, NCR, Control Data, Honeywell, General Electric and RCA) dwindled to five when GE and RCA quit the computer business in the 1970s, and the others are now collectively referred to by their first initials as the BUNCH.

IBM's very success, however, almost backfired against the company. The Johnson Administration on its final working day in office, Jan. 17, 1969, opened a massive antitrust case, accusing the company of monopolistic and anticompetitive practices. The federal suit dragged on endlessly—at a cost to IBM of several hundred million dollars in legal fees—until the Justice Department abruptly dropped it in January 1982, declaring that the case was "without merit." Recalls former IBM Chairman Frank Cary, Opel's predecessor: "The suit was a tremendous cloud that was over the company for 13 years. It couldn't help influencing us in a whole variety of ways. Ending it lifted a huge burden from management's shoulders." Jeffrey Zuckerman, special assistant to Antitrust Division Chief William Baxter, concurs: "We believe IBM must have been deterred from competing as aggressively as it otherwise would have."

Whatever the reason, IBM's momentum slowed markedly in the 1970s, a period Cary called "a time of planning and consolidation." The company entered the decade with a 60% share of the computer market and emerged with a still impressive but slimmed-down 40%.

Though IBM was growing at a respectable annual rate of 13%, the computer industry was expanding even faster. One challenge came from the Route 128 area around Boston, where Digital Equipment and other firms launched the minicomputer. Such machines were smaller and cheaper than the large ones IBM offered, but still performed a wide range of data-processing functions. Revenues of Digital Equipment, the leading maker of minis, have climbed from $265 million to about $4 billion over the past ten years.

Another challenge came from California's Silicon Valley, where the microprocessor, or computer-on-a-chip, was developed. The tiny devices packed thousands of circuits onto a postage-stamp-size silicon chip and gave rise to the microcomputer. Apple recognized the potentially vast appeal of personal computing, and its sales jumped from less than $1 million to $582 million between 1977 and 1982.

By the start of the 1980s, however, IBM had begun to move in new direc-

Wonders of the laboratories: a worker aligns televised chips, left; a mixture of neon and argon gases makes the display screen glow

Despite a reputation for being better salesmen than scientists, the firm's employees have been awarded more than 11,000 patents

tions, and the dismissal of the lawsuit helped to accelerate the process. The most notable example was in the personal-computer field. Although IBM had been monitoring the market for years, it refused to jump in until it began seeing personal computers appear in offices and became convinced that there was enough demand to make their entry pay off. "There's no particular challenge to building a personal computer other than to build one that someone wants," says Cary.

The task of overseeing the creation of the PC fell to a twelve-member group in Boca Raton, Fla., led by Philip Estridge, a division vice president. The team was first assembled in July 1980 and told to develop a competitive and easy-to-use machine within a year. "Twelve-hour days and six- or 6½-day weeks were commonplace," recalls Estridge. The members made some key moves along the way that help account for the PC's enormous popularity. The planners decided, for example, to build the PC around a 16-bit microprocessor rather than an 8-bit one, which was at that time the industry standard. This move permitted the PC to run faster and handle more complex programs. Says Estridge: "We chose to up the power of the machine so that it could be used without too many changes for the next decade or so."

The group broke with tradition by setting up a so-called open-architecture scheme that makes the PC's technical specifications available to other firms. The idea was to permit outside companies and individuals to write software or build peripheral equipment for the PC and thereby expand its appeal.

The project, however, did not always unfold smoothly and without flaws. Early users discovered that the machine misplaced decimals in certain calculations, but the problem was quickly solved. Also, some owners complained that the keyboard had been poorly designed.

But those problems did not impede sales. "Within just a few months," says Morgan Stanley's Ulric Weil, "the IBM PC was *the* standard for the personal-computer market." Orders for the machine, which has a starting price, with standard accessories, of about $3,200, have been pouring in so fast that some buyers have had to wait several months to get one. Last year IBM sold an estimated 200,000 PCs, and this year sales of 800,000 or more are projected. In June, the Travelers Insurance ordered 10,000 PCs, to be delivered over the next two years. New companies with names like Compaq Computer and Eagle Computer have sprung up making machines that are modeled on the PC.

The explosive growth of the IBM entry has set up a confrontation with Apple Computer. Executives of the California-based company, which introduced a fully assembled personal computer in 1977, profess not to be worried. They even greeted the PC the day after it was announced with ads that read "Welcome IBM. Seriously. Welcome to the most exciting and important marketplace since the computer revolution began 35 years ago." Whatever the intent of the message, some IBMers found it condescending.

Apple Chairman Steven Jobs claims that IBM has expanded the personal-computer market and that his company's share of it has gone on growing at the expense of weaker rivals like Tandy, which owns Radio Shack. Says he: "Apple has a higher market share than IBM, and we intend to keep it." Indicative of how serious Apple considered the challenge was its decision to hire Pepsi-Cola President John Sculley, a marketing expert, to serve as Apple's president and chief executive. "This is not a bruising fight for market share between Apple and IBM," says Sculley. "It's a sorting out of who the major participants will be."

Some observers are far less confident about Apple's prospects. Gene Amdahl knows IBM from the perspective of a rival and a former 13-year employee. Says he: "IBM waits until some brash young companies develop a market to the point where it's interesting, and then they take it over. In Apple's case the shooting isn't over yet, but I think it's clear how the war will come out."

Plain Vanilla, but Very Good

When he was growing up in the 1930s in Jefferson City, Mo., then home to 23,000 people, his schoolmates called him Johnny. Slightly large hands and feet gave him a strong backstroke on the high school swimming team, recalls Boeing Chairman T.A. Wilson, a freestyler on the same squad. Johnny's father "Gump" ran a local hardware store. Years later, when the boy began making it big in business, a reporter for the local newspaper went out to see Gump and asked whether he was surprised by his son's success. "No," said Gump, "I always knew Johnny was a good boy."

Good as gold, almost. As chief executive officer of IBM, John Opel earned a handsome $1.3 million last year. He also owns $4 million worth of his company's stock.

Compared with the Thomas Watsons, father and son, Opel appears almost bland. "Plain vanilla," says one member of the IBM board, "but good plain vanilla." Says a middle-level executive: "With Tom Watson, you knew stories about him. With Opel, there are no vibes. You just know, in a business sense, exactly what his goals and objectives are."

In his simple but elegant office at IBM's headquarters in Armonk, N.Y., the only mildly unusual feature is a stand-up desk that Opel uses in addition to a standard one. He receives visitors with a correctness that is so smooth it can be mistaken for real easiness. But Board Member William Coleman, a Secretary of Transportation in the Ford Administration and now a Washington lawyer, says Opel is noted more for his strength than for his charm. Says Coleman: "He's tough. You can tell instantly when you're rubbing him the wrong way or when you've stayed beyond your time."

While IBM's stern dress code has been eased, Opel still follows the old one. His shirts are white oxford cloth and as buttoned down as the man. His ties are impeccable and subdued, his shoes standard-issue corporate cordovans: no buckles, tassels or other frills.

WRIGHT STUDIO

The chairman on the 1940 team

John Opel achieved the top post by molding himself to be just what the company wanted, because that is exactly what he too wanted. Opel sees himself as something of an interchangeable part of the firm. "I'm a product of the culture of IBM, of the way we do things," he says.

Starting with the firm straight out of the University of Chicago School of Business in 1949 as a salesman in Jefferson City, Opel was soon being shifted around with dizzying frequency; he has held 19 different jobs. His career picked up fast in 1959, when he was chosen to be an administrative assistant to Thomas Watson Jr., then president, for one year. Following that, Opel began serving in a wide variety of posts, ranging from manufacturing to press relations.

Opel today gives visitors and colleagues a sense of self-containment, but he admits to having had a wicked temper. Once when he could not get a flat tire off his Chrysler because he was turning a lug the wrong way, he became so enraged that he bashed in the side of the car. "I don't get angry the way I used to," Opel says.

Division Vice President Estridge, leader of the group that developed the Personal Computer

The tradition-breaking product has done nothing less than transform the industry.

In fact, IBM's aggressive new posture poses a threat to virtually the entire computer industry. "IBM is creating a dangerous situation for competitors in the marketplace," says computer-industry observer Gideon Gartner. Among those most at risk are makers of so-called plug-compatible computers that run IBM software but sell for less. Such firms thrived during the 1970s, when IBM was slow in delivering equipment. Now, however, a burst of IBM price cuts and new models could badly hurt them.

That has already happened to Magnuson Computer Systems (1982 sales: $18.4 million). The San Jose–based maker of medium-size computers prospered in the late 1970s when IBM failed to ship a rival system on time. But IBM fought back in 1981 by slashing prices and introducing a new model. Then, last October, IBM announced two additional computer models and cut prices again. "There was no question. That was the fatal blow," declares Magnuson President Charles Strauch. The company, which has chopped its work force from more than 640 employees to about 100 over the past 18 months, filed bankruptcy papers in March.

Other firms have also been hit hard. Like Magnuson, Storage Technology enjoyed a big jump in business in 1981 when IBM ran into technical difficulties introducing a new memory device. The Colorado-based company, which makes high-performance memory equipment, gained some 300 customers because of IBM's troubles. However, when Big Blue brought out an improved new line last year, Storage Technology's profits dropped to $64.7 million, from $84.2 million in 1981. Says Jesse Aweida, who cofounded Storage Technology after 13 years with Big Blue: "IBM used to be active in only certain areas of the computer business. Now it wants to be active in the whole business."

One big reason for IBM's clout is the major investments it began making in the late 1970s to upgrade manufacturing facilities. IBM executives point to that drive to cut production costs, launched under Cary, as a foundation of the company's current strength, because it has made the firm extremely cost-competitive. IBM has pumped some $10 billion into capital improvements since 1977. The Boca Raton line that turns out the PC is so highly automated that a personal computer can be assembled in ten minutes of worker time.

The plants use some of IBM's most advanced technology. An engineer in the firm's La Gaude, France, laboratory can

But the old intensity, just barely noticeable beneath the perfect manners, can still be useful. "People know that I mean what I say and that I don't suffer fools," he says.

John Opel is a lot more than just a corporate man, but he guards his privacy as closely as his company protects its secrets. He bridles at revealing much about his background or family, plainly believing that such matters are his own business. He fought with the U.S. Army on Okinawa in World War II and was wounded in the foot by a piece of shrapnel. He and his wife Carole have three daughters and two sons. He drives himself to work in a six-year-old car whose make he will not divulge and lives in a house he will not describe beyond noting that it is "big enough to accommodate five children."

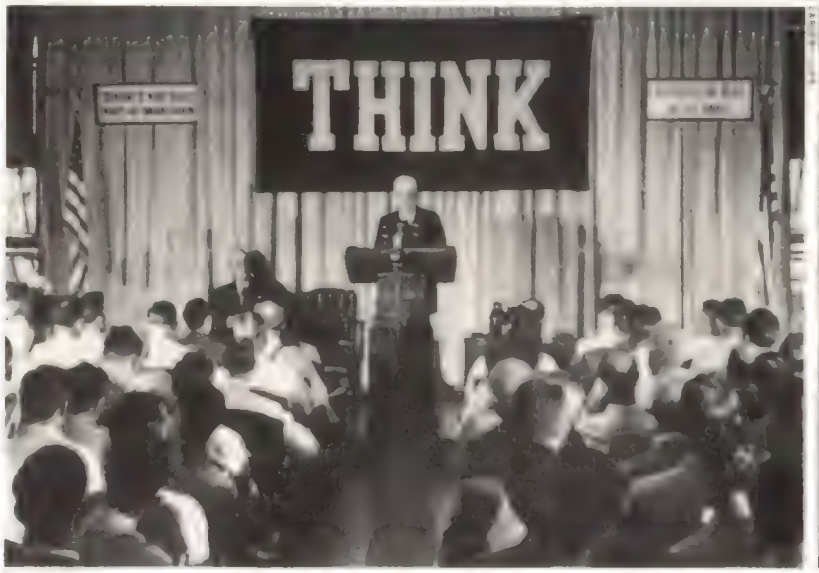
Says he: "I'm a product of the culture of IBM"

Opel spends much of his non-IBM time with his wife. Three mornings a week they are up at 5:30 and drive 20 miles to do aerobic and exercise-machine workouts "at a place where they don't know me." The Opels fish together, go to the opera together and watch birds together. They also work together to protect their privacy. On the rare occasion when a reporter calls him at home, Carole Opel answers politely and promises to bring her husband to the phone. But then she sets down the receiver without ever telling him. Callers get the message.

Some IBM board members were worried about this almost obsessive penchant for privacy when Opel was being considered for chief executive. They were concerned that he would have trouble handling relations with the board and the public and within the company. Says one board member, former Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton: "He is very possibly the brightest chief executive I've ever dealt with. But he did have some difficulty expressing himself." Yet former Du Pont Chairman Irving Shapiro, another board member, says that this has not turned out to be a problem. Says he: "The beautiful thing is that Opel has come out of his shell."

During his years of rising through the corporate ranks, Opel was often frustrated by IBM's centralized management. "No matter what I had in my jurisdiction, I typically felt I was more competent to deal with it than anyone else. And that wasn't conceit, it was just simple laws of nature," says Opel. That experience left him with a desire for decentralized decision making. He now tries to force corporate policymaking down and out, retaining at headquarters only what is necessary for overall planning and control. "You have to have people free to act, or they become dependent," he says. "They don't have to be told; they have to be allowed." In pursuit of that goal, Opel established seven Independent Business Units, which operate much like small companies within IBM. One of the first products created by Opel's brainchildren: that bountiful beauty, the IBM Personal Computer.

—By John F. Stacks



The Watsons, father and son: Thomas Sr. in August 1947 addressing a company convention; Thomas Jr. in 1957 with one of the early machines

Rules, principles and intelligent management have built an overwhelming corporate culture that often begins to affect customers as well.

transmit his computerized design information for a new chip via satellite to the IBM facility in East Fishkill, where the chip is actually manufactured. The chip will be floated through tubing on air from one manufacturing station to another and then tested by robotically controlled equipment.

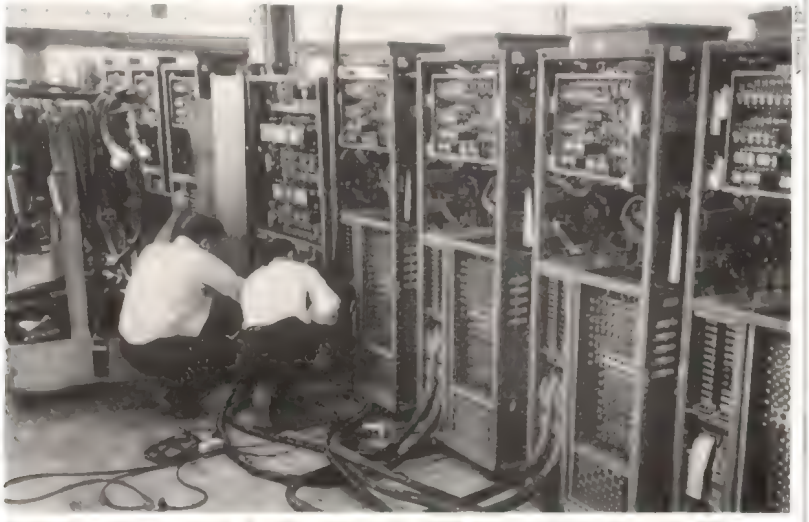
IBM is also the world's largest producer of logic and 64K RAM memory chips, and installs its entire output in its own machines. The company, moreover, can produce at the same plant far denser 256K RAM chips, which Japanese firms are also developing. IBM could start making the chips ahead of the Japanese, perhaps by early next year.

In line with its new aggressiveness, IBM has been cracking down hard on those who would steal its secrets. It cooperated with the FBI last year in a sting operation that nabbed employees of Hitachi and Mitsubishi Electric, two Japanese competitors, for trying to buy confidential IBM information. IBM then brought a separate civil suit against Hitachi, which pleaded guilty to conspiracy charges last February and was fined $10,000. The criminal case against Mitsubishi is still pending.

IBMers claim to be unruffled by Japanese competition. "I think I'll be physically ill if I hear one more time that the Japanese are coming," says Paul Low, manager of the East Fishkill plant. "That's not to say that they're not formidable rivals, because they are, but we're ahead." All six of the major Japanese makers of large computers together have less than 2% of the U.S. market for business computers.

Many outsiders believe that IBM is more concerned about the Japanese than it professes. Says Magnuson Computer's Strauch: "I'm sure IBM's basic concern is the Japanese. It is almost certain that what happened to us was a message to the Japanese that if they have any thought of entering the market with a low-to-medium-range mainframe, they had better be prepared to compete at an extremely low cost." Apple's Jobs believes that IBM's investments in Intel and Rolm are at least partially intended to strengthen IBM's ability to compete with Japan.

The struggle between IBM and its Japanese competitors is most intense in Japan, where IBM lost its No. 1 position to Fujitsu in 1979. IBM Japan, the company's wholly owned subsidiary, is fighting back. "They are becoming surprisingly aggressive," says Yuji Ogino, managing director of IDC Japan, a unit of International Data. IBM Japan, which employs 13,000 Japanese workers, has been slashing prices and launching new marketing drives in a bid to win back its overall lead. Admits a spokesman for a rival Japanese firm: "IBM is an enormous competitor."



Testing the cables on a bank of early equipment in 1955 at a plant in Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Salesmen were so knowledgeable and well trained that their presence inspired confidence.

At the same time that it has been fighting vigorously for market share, IBM has been forming cooperative agreements with the Japanese. In one, IBM and Matsushita Electric Industrial teamed up to produce a personal computer that converts Japanese phonetic symbols into Chinese characters or Kanji. Typewriters have not been widely used in Japan, partly because, with so many different characters, a typical machine must be packed with about 3,000 Kanji. The new machine, which ranges in price from $4,100 to $12,700, has a keyboard of only 45 phonetic symbols plus the Latin alphabet. More than 15,000 of the machines have been ordered, and there is at least a two-month wait for delivery.

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CBS

IBM and Japanese companies, the reason is that Big Blue was the model for some Japanese business techniques. For example, IBM developed "quality circles" some 20 years ago. The circles, small teams of workers that get together to discuss ways to improve output and solve production problems, have been widely adopted in Japan and are often cited as a reason for productivity gains there. Both IBM and Japanese executives stress harmonious employee relations, and both place a high priority on becoming the most modern, cost-efficient manufacturer of the products they turn out.

Foreign operations are vital to IBM. Overseas business accounted for 45% of IBM's gross income in 1982 and 37% of the company's profits. IBM hires mainly local employees at its international locations. There are only 125 Americans among some 1,000 managerial and technical employees in the Paris headquarters of IBM's European, Middle Eastern and African operations. Says Hans-Olaf Henkel, a vice president in the Paris office: "Europeans like IBM not because it is American, but because it is IBM. It promotes from the inside, and the majority of senior positions are held by nationals of the country."

IBM executives concede that despite its wide-ranging successes, the company has its weaknesses and has made some major mistakes over the years. Despite increased efforts to recruit women and minorities, there are still few of either in management ranks. Only 3,089 of IBM's more than 29,000 managers are women. IBM policies, moreover, can seem high-handed, especially toward women. In December 1981, a California jury awarded $300,000 to an IBM marketing manager who quit after the company objected to her romantic relationship with a former employee who had joined a rival firm. She resigned when her boss, fearing a conflict of interest, tried to transfer her to another division. IBM is appealing the jury verdict.

Some employees find the firm slow to capitalize on opportunities in spite of steps to decentralize decision making. "IBM has more committees than the U.S. Government," complains one insider. To increase its flexibility, IBM has set up 15 small ventures within the company since 1981. These explore new business opportunities in such fields as robotics, specialized medical equipment and analytical instruments. The new units are independently run, but they can draw on IBM resources. This seems to provide IBM with the benefits of both a large company and a small one. Says Robert Burgelman, an assistant professor of management at Stanford University's Graduate School of Business: "If IBM can integrate these new ventures into its culture, the company is going to be an enormously dangerous competitor in most of the emerging areas of high technology."

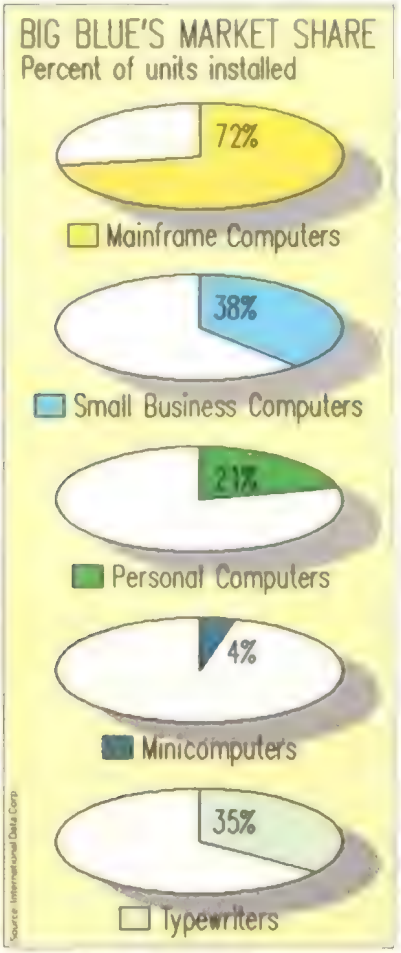
IBM stumbled badly when it set out to produce an office copier in the 1970s. Executives first turned down a chance to buy a process that Xerox later used with great success, and then introduced a balky model. Admits Cary: "If you're asking was it a mistake to ship so many copiers before they were really reliable to sell, yes it was a mistake." The company was forced to suspend deliveries until the problems were solved.

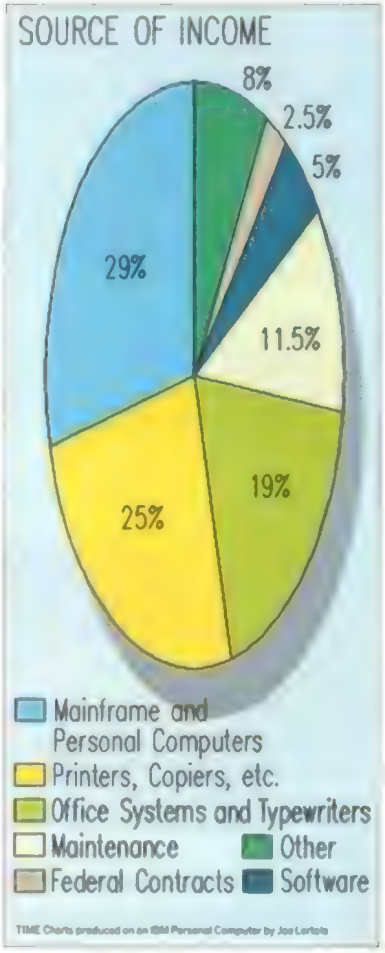
IBM, in addition, has not broken into the market for so-called supercomputers, which are used mainly for scientific research. The company launched supercomputer projects in the 1950s and 1960s, but could not produce a design that executives believed would be profitable. IBM has since abandoned the specialized field to Control Data and Cray Research.

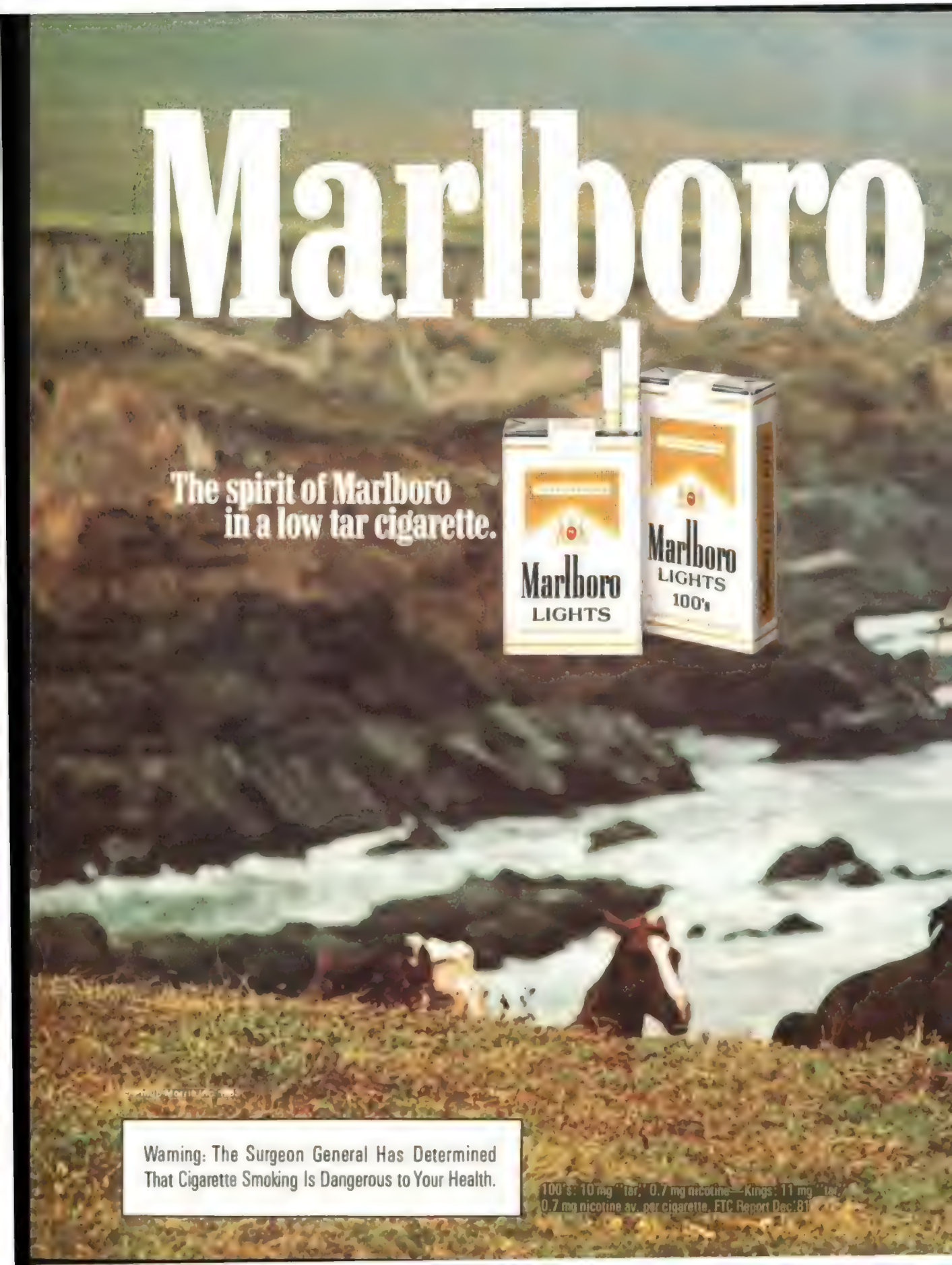
Opel is bullish about the future of IBM, and he is very optimistic about the outlook for the whole industry. He notes that while people have limited demands for commodities like shoes and automobiles, they seem to have an insatiable appetite for information. Says he: "I have yet to hear somebody say they could not use more information. Hence the demand for information processing, though perhaps not infinite, is enormous."

What will be coming next out of the IBM laboratories to satisfy that demand? Opel is clearly not ready to sit back and relax despite his company's achievements. Says he: "We've got an enormously successful operation. Therefore you could be complacent; you could play it safe and not change. All the natural forces in the business pressure you in that direction." But one sign that the pace of the past two years will continue will be the arrival of a home computer, which IBM originally code-named "peanut." This will sell for about $700 and could reach stores in late fall. The machine, fully compatible with the PC, will come with a built-in disc drive and cartridge slot for software. "It will offer the best performance on the market for its price," asserts Clive Smith, a computer watcher with the Yankee Group, a Cambridge, Mass., research firm.

IBM is also developing a raft of exotic technologies. These include Josephson Junction and quiteron switching devices that operate in trillionths of a second at temperatures that approach absolute zero (−459.67° F). Says one IBMer: "There's



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Lights

nothing, literally nothing, noteworthy in the field that IBM doesn't have its fingers into."

The biggest future payoff for IBM is likely to come in the field of office automation. The key to the so-called paperless office will be computerized networks that shuttle messages between computer terminals, telephones and other office equipment. All can then be consolidated into a "work station" atop a desk. "The world of the future is centered on powerful work stations," says Lewis Branscomb, IBM's chief scientist.

Last month IBM showed that it was determined to become a leader in developing the automated office by agreeing to acquire 15% of Rolm. That company's advanced PBX system, a type of computerized switchboard, can be used to direct the flow of voice and data traffic between work stations. The investment will enable the two firms to work out ways to link IBM computers with the Rolm PBX.

In fact, IBM has long been deeply involved in telecommunications. In 1975, the company bought a one-third interest in Satellite Business Systems, which transmits voice and computer data. IBM is seeking partners for communications ventures in Europe. In March 1982, it won an $18 million contract to upgrade the British telephone system, and it is installing a computer-driven telephone information service in West Germany.

IBM's moves into telecommunications will put it squarely in competition with American Telephone & Telegraph, now the world's biggest company. An extended battle between the two giants seems inevitable in the area where computers and communications overlap to create the Information Age. Once the separation of A T & T from its regulated telephone units goes into effect next January, the company will be able to use its Bell Laboratories and Western Electric facilities to develop products to compete directly with IBM. A T & T through the new American Bell is expected to introduce computers next year, and it already has the capability of offering a wide range of data-processing services similar to those IBM provides.

In that upcoming clash of the titans and the continuing fight for the world computer market, IBM will be tough to beat. Its resources—human, technological and financial—are enormous. Its ability to combine salesmanship and service with research and innovation is unmatched in the U.S., perhaps anywhere. At a time when the rallying cry "Small is beautiful" can be heard even in business circles and when some critics charge that large corporations are inherently inflexible, IBM has shown how to be a successful colossus. *—By John Greenwald. Reported by Bruce van Voorst/New York, with other bureaus*

Softening a Starchy Image

A mustachioed little clown with an undersize jacket and oversize trousers to symbolize IBM's first computer aimed at the mass market? That hardly fits IBM's stuffy old image, but when the company needed an advertising campaign for its new personal computer 2½ years ago, it turned to one of the 20th century's most enduring and endearing characters: Charlie Chaplin's Tramp. Says Charles Pankenier, director of communications for the PC: "We were dealing with a whole new audience that never thought of IBM as a part of their lives." Industry insiders estimate that the firm has spent $36 million in one of the largest ad campaigns ever mounted for a personal computer.

Manufacturers of personal computers have been using readily recognizable people for some time to make the slightly intimidating machines seem warmer and more empathetic. Apple has Dick Cavett for its commercials, Texas Instruments recruited Bill Cosby, Commodore has William Shatner, and Atari just hired Alan Alda. None of these living celebrities, however, has had the impact of the Tramp. The character has starred in three widely seen television commercials, plus more than 20 print ads. He has won numerous advertising-industry awards.

Chaplin once explained that he created the character in 1915, after an accidental meeting with a hobo in San Francisco. The Tramp's resurrection was only slightly less serendipitous. IBM's advertising agency, the Madison Avenue firm Lord, Geller, Federico, Einstein, was looking for someone, or something, that would attack the problem of computer fright head on. The agency was talking about using the Muppets or Marcel Marceau, the mime, when, according to Creative Director Thomas Mabley, the idea for the Tramp "sort of walked in and sat down."

Some officials at both the company and the agency were afraid that the floppy character was not in keeping with IBM's starched white-collar image. The question of whether the Tramp represented antitechnology sentiment, as epitomized in the most famous scene from one of Chaplin's best-known movies, *Modern Times*, was also raised. In the scene, Chaplin gets caught in the giant gears of a factory. But both the agency and IBM eventually concluded that the character, in Pankenier's words, "stands fear of technology on its head and would help the PC open up a new technological world for the non-technician."

Chaplin's enduring, endearing Tramp

The company obtained rights from Bubbles, the Chaplin family company that licenses use of the actor's image, to use the Tramp. To cast the part, the agency interviewed some 40 candidates in New York City and 20 on the West Coast. The winner was 5-ft. 6-in. Billy Scudder, 43, who has been doing Tramp impersonations since 1971. Says he: "Nobody tires of the little Tramp. He creates instant sympathy."

The commercials are elaborate Madison Avenue extravaganzas. In one 60-second spot, which symbolizes the problems of inventory control in a small business, the Tramp stands at the intersection of two assembly lines in a bakery. He comes a cropper when the fast-moving line spews cakes onto the floor after he tries to jam a giant-size one into an economy-size box. Taping the sequence required 30 takes—and 150 layer cakes.

The Tramp campaign has been so successful that it has created a new image for IBM. The firm has always been seen as efficient and reliable, but it has also been regarded as somewhat cold and aloof. The Tramp, with his ever present red rose, has given IBM a human face.

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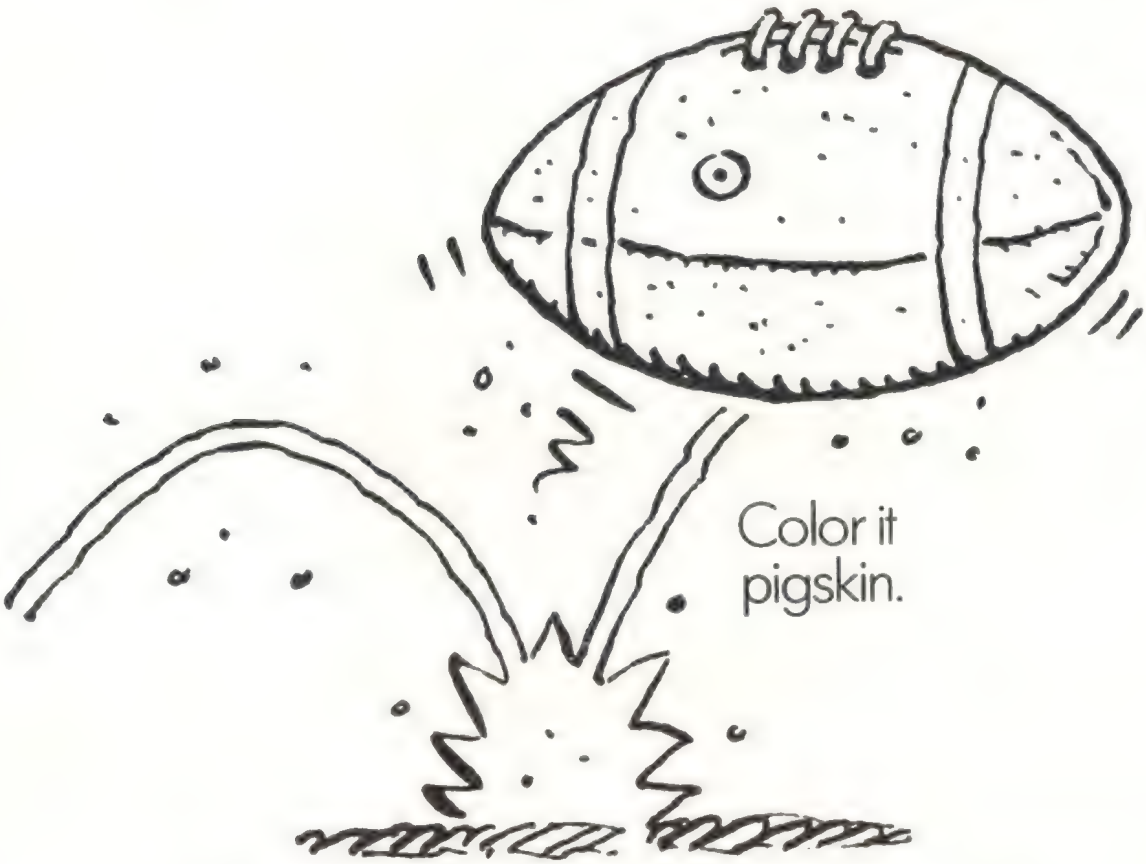

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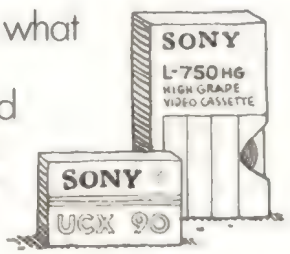

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Slow, Steady and Heartbreaking

Alzheimer's disease is a devastating illness of advancing age

"You look inside your mind and see nothing but black."
—A victim

The first signs are small, puzzling and all too easy to dismiss. For Chicago Journalist Charles Leroux, it was his mother's diminishing ability to manage her checkbook and count change. For Frank Holmes, a retired Boston businessman, it was the wild spending sprees by his once prudent wife and her increasing tendency to garble phone messages. For Eleanor Zimmerlein, an Illinois farmer's wife, it was the decline in the quality of her husband's handiwork: "Suddenly the row of shingles he'd put on the roof would be crooked, and he couldn't saw a straight line." And for Chicago Office Clerk Eleanor Marzillo, it began with her husband's difficulty in shaving; first his trim mustache got bushier and bushier, then one day he shaved half of it off. At the same time, Marzillo recalls, rags were mysteriously collecting in the family car. "I couldn't figure out what Tony was doing with these rags," she says. "It turned out he knew how to start the car and how to drive, but he couldn't figure out how to use the windshield wipers or defroster any more."

Aberrations such as these mark the onset of Alzheimer's disease (AD), the insidious and heartbreaking malady of advancing age. The memory lapses, confusion and dementia inevitably get worse. The intelligent and athletic Mrs. Holmes, now 65, forgot how to cook: she set a chicken ablaze by trying to roast it over all four burners of her stove. She also forgot how to play tennis and ultimately she had trouble recognizing her friends. Once an active Y.M.C.A. employee, Tony Marzillo, 61, gradually lost all ability to care for himself, becoming incontinent, unruly and destructive. "It was like chasing a 6-ft.-tall toddler around," his wife recalls, "except you knew that a toddler would eventually learn the rules of the house." Today both Marzillo and Holmes are institutionalized. Says Eleanor Marzillo of her husband: "He cannot speak, he cannot eat, he cannot ask for water."

The relentlessness of Alzheimer's disease makes it a nightmare for families of the patients. The affliction's rising incidence threatens to make it a nightmare for the country at large. By far the leading cause of mental deterioration among the elderly, AD affects between 5% and 10% of all people over 65. Among them: former Movie Star Rita Hayworth, 64. Because most AD patients must eventually be placed in institutions, the disease puts tremendous demands on the nation's health-care resources. Alzheimer's victims constitute 50% to 60% of the 1.3 million people in nursing homes, accounting for more than half of the $25 to $26 billion spent annually on such care

The disease will become more common and take an even greater toll as the U.S. population continues to age. On July 1, the U.S. reached a milestone: for the first time there are more Americans over 65 (27.4 million) than teen-agers (26.5 million). In March, Health and Human Resources Secretary Margaret Heckler created a special AD task force and proposed to increase federal funds for AD research to $25 million in 1984, up from $17 million in 1981. Says Heckler: "Every breakthrough we achieve is a step toward the reuniting of families and friends, the lifting of the veil of confusion and isolation from Americans who deserve days and years of celebration in their final years, not days and years of drift."

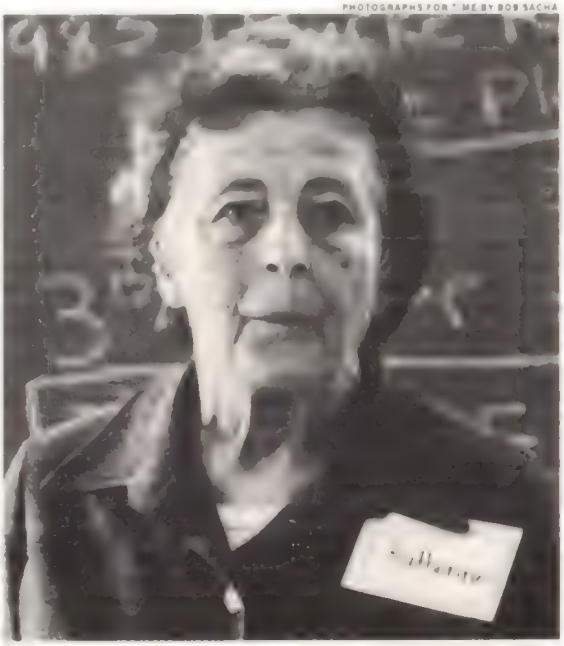
Alzheimer's disease was first identified in 1906 by German Physician Alois Alzheimer. His patient, a 51-year-old woman, suffered loss of memory, disorientation and later, severe dementia. After her death, Alzheimer conducted an autopsy on her brain and found the two distinctive characteristics of the disease: tangled clumps of nerve fibers and patches of disintegrated nerve-cell branches. Because Alzheimer's patient was relatively young, AD was at first considered a disease of middle age; similar symptoms in elderly people were simply regarded as a natural consequence of aging. Today this view has been discarded. Even in an octogenarian, severe mental confusion "is a disease, not a natural decline," says Katherine Bick, acting deputy director of the National Institute of Neurological Communicative Disorders and Stroke (NINCDS)

Little real progress has been made in the treatment of AD since Alzheimer's day, and even diagnosis remains difficult The only way to be absolutely certain that a patient has the disorder is to examine the brain after death Thus, the diagnosis must be approximated by a careful process of elimination. Through CAT scanning and other tests, the physician gradually determines that the patient has not suffered a series of small strokes, does not have Parkinson's disease, a brain tumor, depression, an adverse drug reaction or any other possible cause of dementia. If all tests are negative, AD is diagnosed by default. This conclusion may be further verified with psychological tests.

Alzheimer's disease would be far easier to treat and detect if doctors knew what caused it. The fact that the disease often occurs in several members of the same family suggests that a genetic factor is at work. This factor "is most prominent in very early onset cases," says University of Minnesota Psychiatrist Leonard Heston. In one family, for instance, two out of three siblings developed Alzheimer's by age 27. According to Johns Hopkins Psychiatrist Marshal Folstein, a sibling or child of an AD victim runs a greater than 50% chance of developing the disease by age 90.

Still, heredity alone cannot explain the disease, which often affects individuals whose families have no history of the disorder. "Possibly it comes down to genetic susceptibility triggered by one or more things," suggests Bick of NINCDS Some doctors speculate that the trigger may be a slow-acting virus, similar to the "slow viruses" that cause such rare brain disorders as kuru and Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease in man, and scrapie in sheep and goats. Unfortunately, all efforts to isolate an AD virus have failed. Concludes Virologist Joseph Gibbs of the National Institutes of Health: "If slow viruses are involved in Alzheimer's, I suspect that the association is remote."

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY BOB SACHA



A patient at the Burke Rehabilitation Center in White Plains, N.Y.

The nightmare starts with a fading memory about little things.

Other researchers are looking into the role of aluminum in causing AD. In 1973 a University of Toronto team reported finding ten to 30 times the normal concentration of the metal in the brains of autopsied AD victims. The finding was provocative, since animals can develop neurofibrillary tangles similar to those found in AD patients when given aluminum salts. The role of aluminum remains unclear, however, and doctors now say that cooking in aluminum pots could not cause AD.

Answers to the Alzheimer's puzzle will probably come from research into the chemistry of the brain. By far the most promising lead was found in 1977, when scientists in Britain reported that AD victims have only one-tenth the normal level of an enzyme needed to produce acetylcholine (ACh). That chemical plays a vital role in the transmission of nerve signals, particularly for such higher functions as memory and learning. The deficiency appears to be due to acute damage to the *nucleus basalis*, a tiny structure deep in the forebrain that produces ACh. A team at Johns Hopkins, headed by Neuropathologist Donald Price, found that up to 95% of the nerve cells in this area of the brain are destroyed in AD patients. Says Price: "You can see the difference with a naked eye."

Unfortunately, ACh cannot be supplied directly to patients because it breaks down in the digestive tract. Doctors have tried to get around this problem by treating AD patients with choline and lecithin, chemicals that the body uses to make ACh. In doing so they take their cue from the treatment of Parkinson's disease, a neurological disorder that often responds well to L-dopa, a substance necessary for the production of the neurotransmitter dopamine, which Parkinson's patients seem to lack. Researchers have also tried treating AD with physostigmine, a substance that prevents the breakdown of ACh. In all cases, the results are inconclusive. Though some patients have experienced limited, short-term improvements in memory and cognition, such therapy "does not appear to be the L-dopa for Alzheimer's," says Thomas Chase, a NINCDS researcher.

Scientists are experimenting with a number of other treatments for AD. Among them: piracetam, a drug used by European doctors to treat memory disorders, head injuries and learning disabilities in children; and naloxone, a chemical that blocks the action of opiate-like substances in the brain. The results so far are not encouraging. Admits Price: "There is no effective therapy."

One possible problem is that the therapy comes too late. By the time AD is diagnosed, too many brain cells may have died for the process to be reversed. "If we can come up with better diagnostic procedures, it might be possible to block the progress of AD chemotherapeutically in the next five years," says Gibbs of NIH. One promising method is a new scanning process called PET (positron emission tomography), which measures glucose metabolism in living cells. PET-scan studies by Dr. David Kuhl of U.C.L.A., among others, have revealed drastic decreases in metabolism in the brains of AD patients. Kuhl hopes to develop an early diagnostic test so that AD patients can "receive treatment while their brains are still healthy and not mush."

Reacquainting a therapy group with a member

Until better tests and drug therapies are available, doctors treating Alzheimer's patients stress teaching them and their families how to cope. Such advice is now available in 31 states through the Chicago-based Alzheimer's Disease and Related Disorders Association. In addition, many hospitals have established AD support groups, and there are special clinics that work closely with patients, such as the Burke Rehabilitation Center in White Plains, N. Y.

A great deal can be done to improve the quality of life for AD patients and their families, according to Johns Hopkins Gerontologist Nancy Mace. She is co-author with Johns Hopkins Psychiatrist Peter Rabins of *The Thirty-Six Hour Day*, a tellingly titled book on the grueling aspects of caring for the victims. Most important, she explains, is to "simplify the sensory information the patient is getting." Mace suggests discussing only one topic at a time, not confusing patients with too many choices, posting instructions on how to use household appliances and encouraging the individual to make lists and written reminders. No one with Alzheimer's should be cut off from friends or a normal routine, Mace argues. But instead of having a lot of people over for dinner, only one or two should be invited at a time. Physical activity should be encouraged to stimulate the appetite, prevent muscle contracture and bone fractures and promote sleep.

It was once thought that severely demented AD patients could not live very long. Today, says Chicago Neurologist Jacob Fox, they can survive for upwards of 15 years. "We've gotten better at preserving lives," he says, "but it's not clear we're doing the person a favor." Understandably, Alzheimer's patients can suffer severe depression. Their families may suffer even more. In addition to the enormous costs of health care and institutionalization, which is generally not covered by Medicare or private insurance, there is the terrible, haunting sense of loss to family members of the person who is still with them.

"Everyone talks about guilt feelings when they have to institutionalize a person they love," says Frank Holmes, the retired Boston businessman whose wife is in a nursing home. "It's not guilt I feel, it's heartbreak."

—By Claudia Wallis.
Reported by J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago and Sue Wymelenberg/Boston

For the family, a haunting sense of loss of the person who is still with them

Reunion of a Scholarly Elite

An 80-year search for "courage and instincts to lead"

It is still the world's most prestigious scholarship, despite its echoes of Britain's colonial past. Last week 800 Rhodes scholars—named after the colonialist and entrepreneur Cecil John Rhodes—convened at Oxford University to celebrate the 80th anniversary of the trust that administers the fund. Among those present was Staff Writer Kenneth W. Banta, who was there as both observer and participant. Banta is one of six Rhodes scholars on TIME. *His report*

Oxford has welcomed the steady stream of bright and often brash young scholars for eight decades, but as many of them flooded back through the medieval quadrangles last week, the spectacle was enough to give the ancient university pause. "In small groups, they were exciting," said one don, looking over the scene. "This is almost frightening."

Daunting too were the three days of continuous celebrations. To extend a royal welcome, Queen Elizabeth II joined the 800 returning scholars and 600 spouses for a vast outdoor garden party. In the intermittent sunshine of an English June, the Queen circulated amiably through a riot of improbable hats and tropical colors rivaling those at Ascot; then she tucked into tea, éclairs and watercress sandwiches under a striped marquee.

At a special thanksgiving service, the scholars gathered beneath the venerable arches of Christ Church Cathedral; then they salted piety with a touch of hubris, praying that they might "use to God's glory the gifts and opportunities with which we have been so abundantly blessed." Later, over Paarl 1961 vintage port, selected to honor the South Africans present, Chancellor of Oxford and former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan declared that those attending were the product of "the most imaginative plan, the most imaginative concept ever designed" in education.

With such flights of rhetoric, dishes of strawberries and cream, and a generous flow of white wine, the Rhodes Trust last week exuberantly mounted its 80th anniversary party. Since 1903, Rhodes' generous legacy has annually sent a contingent of scholars from Britain's colonies and possessions, or their succeeding states, as well as Germany,* to study at Oxford for up to three years. In all, some 4,700 have been tapped to join the programs, including the 71 scholars now in residence (32 from the U.S.).

TERRY SPITZ

Queen Elizabeth chatting with a group of Rhodes winners and spouses at Oxford

A prayer that they might use their "gifts and opportunities" for God's glory.

The annual award amounting to $15,000 is generous, but what has brought fame to the scholarship and endowed its holders with distinctive luster are its unusual criteria for selection. Rhodes disdained candidates who were "merely bookworms"; he demanded that the winners have the character to fight "the world's fight." Despite numerous modifications of his imperious vision, the basic criterion remains the same today. Says David Alexander, secretary of the Rhodes program in the U.S.: "The Rhodes competition is a talent hunt for an elite that will lead."

It has undoubtedly produced leaders, including former Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Australia's Prime Minister Robert Hawke. Former Senator William Fulbright was so impressed by his Rhodes experience that he inspired a scholarship of his own. Byron White, a 1938 Rhodes winner from Colorado, sits on the U.S. Supreme Court. Five U.S. Senators are scholars: Oklahoma's David Boren, New Jersey's Bill Bradley, Indiana's Richard Lugar, South Dakota's Larry Pressler and Maryland's Paul Sarbanes. Others have had distinguished careers in various fields. Among them: Novelist and Poet Robert Penn Warren, Economist Lester Thurow, Singer Kris Kristofferson and Pat Haden, former quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams. Of the 1,500 or so living American Rhodes winners, at least 245 are attorneys and some 365 are educators.

Ironically, Rhodes hardly measured up as a youth to the stiff standards he later set. The sickly son of a Hertfordshire preacher, he was a mediocre student plagued by illness and at 17 was sent off to southern Africa to regain his health. There he began to make his fortune in diamonds, returning to England to graduate finally from Oxford in 1881. A zealous champion of British imperialism, Rhodes went on to found South Africa's De Beers Mining Co., which still controls the world's diamond market. He governed what was then called the Cape Colony, and colonized what became known, in his name, as Southern and Northern Rhodesia, and are now Zimbabwe and Zambia.

Before his death in 1902, Rhodes fell back on his belief in Oxford as a civilizing place and his hope of nurturing leaders to promote world peace. His Victorian requirements for Rhodes scholars, funded by income from his $20 million fortune, were precise: he wanted young men, unmarried, of course, and he charged selection committees to judge candidates on their "literary and scholastic attainments, qualities of manhood [including] courage and kindliness, and instincts to lead, and on their fondness for or success in sports."

From the start, though, the scholarships' trustees have reinterpreted Rhodes' goals to suit the times. Rhodes almost certainly did not envision that a black would ever be selected, yet in 1907 Pennsylvania's Alain LeRoy Locke, later an educator, became the first black to gain the award. Women became eligible in 1975 under the provisions of an antidiscrimination act passed by Parliament. Since 1976, about 30% of the scholars have been women, although the trustees fear a downward trend.

Over the decades, the process of winning a Rhodes has remained long, har-

*Two are annually given in West Germany because Rhodes wanted Germany, the U.S. and Britain to develop closer ties so that they might work together to prevent war

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Architect Ricardo Jimenez and his wife Ingrid

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Education

rowing and traditional. Last year 1,183 U.S. college seniors and graduate students applied to 50 state selection committees. Only 100 survived for another round of regional interviews that chose the final 32.

The friendly but relentless interrogation by as many as eight panelists, most of them Rhodes winners, is an exhilarating and humbling experience that few candidates forget. Former House Speaker Carl Albert, 75, was invited by his Oklahoma committee in the Depression year of 1930 to name the most important national trend. "I said, 'a pragmatic revolt against intellectualism,' " he recalled last week. "It got a laugh."

Albert made it and so, in 1951, did Thomas Bartlett, who feels that his Rhodes was his escape from being "a poor man's son from Oregon." He bought a motorcycle and put 15,000 miles on the speedometer touring Europe. Last year Bartlett was appointed chancellor of the University of Alabama system. Bartlett believes that the example of his fellow scholars spurred his own ambition. "I'd never been around people with such aspirations."

Former CIA Director Admiral Stansfield Turner and U.S. Army General Bernard Rogers, the NATO commander, both came to Oxford in 1947. The award introduced Turner to "the passionately rigorous thinking" of his teachers at Oxford's Exeter College. "It was an intellectual turning point," he says. "I learned what it is to be logical." South Africa's Brian Bamford, elected in 1951, gained a lasting admiration for Oxford's ideal of "the well-rounded man, one who is deeply humane." He took Rhodes' call for public service to heart: he is now a member of his country's parliament, representing the small anti-apartheid Progressive Federal Party. Says he: "We can never win. But we can fight."

CULVER PICTURES

Rhodes

Eighty years after it all began, some Rhodes scholars think that the selection process could use a touch of fine tuning. Says Bartlett: "I'm concerned that we take too many B pluses, people good at a lot but never very good at anything." Others suggest that many winners overestimate their own worth. "Too frequently you hear platitudes from Rhodes scholars," complains Connecticut's Ann Olivarius, a 1978 recipient. "They should be questioned seriously more often."

As it has turned out, gaining the award is perhaps not so much a promise of eminence as it is a fairly reliable guide to character. Says George Cawkwell, Vice-Master of Oxford's University College and a New Zealand winner in 1946: "Many scholars are brilliant. Most are not. But the world is not run by brilliant people. It is run by good, sound individuals." Cecil Rhodes would certainly have drunk to that. ■

Nighttime spraying of insecticide in mosquito-plagued Norwood, Mass.

Environment

The Bugs Are Out There Biting

For many regions, a rainy spring spawns a summer of mosquitoes

In addition to floods, mudslides and other natural havoc, this year's wet weather has had some less publicized if irritating consequences. Their ranks swollen by record springtime rains, mosquitoes are attacking in force in many parts of the country, feasting on their human prey with buzzing fury. To Gary Benzon, mosquito-control superintendent for Plymouth County, Mass., south of Boston, there is no doubt that this will be a bumper summer for the pesky insects. "In an average year we get about a thousand calls about mosquito problems between May and September. This year we have already got close to 2,000."

As entomologists acknowledge, no one can get an accurate scientific count of mosquito populations. Nor does the plague seem to be universal. In Illinois and Indiana, wasps and bees are beginning to appear in large numbers, but residents in those states, as well as in some Mid-Atlantic areas, are enjoying a summer relatively free of mosquitoes. In New England, California and sections of the South, however, heavy rains have left pools of standing water in which the larvae of mosquitoes have flourished. Entomologist Jon Turmel of the Vermont department of agriculture cites a simple personal test. He rolls up a sleeve and lets the mosquitoes bite. Usually, he gets about 20 bites a minute. This year the bite rate has zoomed to about 35 a minute.

Mosquitoes can be more than just a nuisance. While there has been no noticeable rise in mosquito-borne diseases so far, the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta is worried about the possibility of a rash of encephalitis in the South later this summer. The last major outbreak (2,000 cases) occurred in 1975 when there were similar climatic conditions: a mild winter followed by heavy spring rains.

C.E. MOSSERMANN

In some New England, Southern and California communities, planes and spray trucks are now dousing large areas with malathion (which has largely replaced banned DDT). But many scientists are skeptical about the chemical's effectiveness, just as they are about such gadgetry as electronic bug zappers. The main impact, says Entomologist John Edman of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, is psychological: "It reassures people something is being done."

Scientists are also using other techniques. In California, larvae-eating minnows are regularly placed in mosquito-breeding ponds. In New Orleans, U.S. Agriculture Department researchers along with local experts have been releasing a large nonbiting mosquito nicknamed Big Tox (after its scientific name, *Toxorhynchites ambionensis*), whose larvae dine on the larvae of smaller biting mosquitoes. Scientists have also had success with bacterial warfare: applying a larvae-killing toxin from the soil bacterium *Bacillus thuringiensis israelensis* (which was discovered in Israel). But BTI is expensive, must be applied directly to a breeding site, and could encourage proliferation of BTI-resistant mosquitoes.

Is there then any hope of victory in the age-old battle against mosquitoes? Probably not, most scientists agree. If the biting really gets bad, the only recourse is to retreat, swatter in hand behind a fine-meshed screen door. ■

Revelations of Summertime

Two exhibitions enliven a dwindling bill of fare

As the temperature soars, the New York City art world winds down. Early summer is the time for group shows, mixed hangings, tail ends of the year. Yet now and again, it contains some interesting items; even a few revelations. Two such shows, having nothing but dates in common, can be picked from Manhattan's dwindling bill of fare. One is a downtown exhibition of works on paper by the Kansas-born artist Alan Shields, 39; the other, at the Marlborough Gallery on 57th Street, is the promising second New York show of a painter from the Southwest, John Alexander.

Born in 1945, Alexander was raised in Texas swamp country—Beaumont, near the Louisiana border. One might not deduce that from his work but, with a little hindsight, the paintings suggest it. They have a marshy, embrangled look full of thickets of line and pools of darkness. Their peculiar sense of space (which looks incoherent in reproduction, but at full scale is not) is recognizable at once to anyone who has gone through swamp: no horizon to be seen, only a succession of angles that, when the eye pushes through them, disclose more tangles beyond. The light is murky. Such color as is there is local—a flurry of pink, a sudden network of vermilion slashes. Otherwise it is all bog color, glazed browns reflecting other browns, dank mossy greens, thick in tone.

This recipe could hardly be less like the ideal clarity and openness of traditional American abstract painting. It sounds like a terrible mess, but it does not cook out that way, for two reasons. The first is the strength of Alexander's imagery; the second, his formal control. Since most neoexpressionist painting is given to conventional signs for intensity but lacks formal rigor (a gut pile without shape), Alexander's work repays inspection.

It is weird, edgy stuff, raucous and paranoid by turns. On one side it descends from the Cuban artist Wifredo Lam, whose images of cannibal nature—all claw, tooth and bone—were a significant, though now unfashionable, part of the impact surrealism made on New York in the 1940s. On the other it comes out of a native, down-home strand of buckeye humor, folk forms that verge unconsciously on surrealism: tall Texan stories and Bible Belt grotesqueries. A zoo of critters lurks in Alexander's paintings: snakes preying on rats, rats eyeing scrofulous cats, and so on up the food chain to leopards and a large stag, whose rack of antlers has a horrified, spiky erectness. We are shown a teeming, hostile world where everything studies the next species with blood or hunger in its eye; these acts of watching are traced out with lines, zapping like lasers—or the emblems of stigmatization in Sassetta's *Saint Francis*—between eye and eye. Fish float in the sky, evoking the early Christian *ichthys;* a wretched tar baby hangs on a crucifix. It is a moralizing vision, as the grotesque ought to be: Alexander's art has always had a strong political and religious strain.

What interferes with the paintings is a tendency to caricature rather than draw every shape right through. There are too many bug eyes, cartoony ears and fragmentary evocations of Felix the Cat. But at the same time, Alexander's torrent of images corresponds to a real need, which, on the whole, his formal system can handle. But when his indignation is at full blast—as in *The Art King*, a mordant quotation from Bosch, showing a startled windbag of a culture hero being devoured, crown and all, by a leopard—he is plainly an original, though not necessarily a pleasant one.

At the Paula Cooper gallery in SoHo, Alan Shields' exhibition is at a far remove from this exhibit. It consists of works in, and on, handmade paper, done in his Shelter Island, N.Y., studio over the winter of 1982-83: a small affair, only seven pieces, but certainly the most delectable show to be seen in downtown Manhattan this summer. Shields has been showing on the international circuit for years, and his arrays of irregular patches and ribbons of stained canvas, sewn together with an offhand and improvisatory air, misled some critics into thinking of him as a kind of craftsy '60s *bricoleur* fiddling with mandalas by the seaside. (The sight of Shields, 6 ft. 4 in., with his shaven bronze dome of a head, nautical beard and Queequeg-like

***Visher Now*, by Alan Shields: a highly charged sensibility at work**

***The Art King*, by John Alexander: prowling on up the food chain**

mien, daintily stitching in a studio littered with harpoons and coot decoys, is one of the more striking images of role reversal the art world affords.) In fact, his imagination goes far beyond that: it has a sparkling, lyric quality, which comes not so much from preordained imagery as from the way he handles his materials.

The subject matter of these paper works (some of which are conventionally framed like drawings, while others, double-sided, hang from the ceiling) begins with the paper itself, its density, translucency and fibrousness, the way it hardens into feathery blots or accidental-looking rags that preserve the liquid slurry as a shrunken form, like a dried leaf. Shields has a Japanese attitude toward paper: he likes it to speak for itself, and his approach is a matter of subtle interventions rather than brusque changes. The "drawing"—in fact stitching, run on the sewing machine in brisk swoops and zigzag flurries of contrasting thread—looks both improvised and exact, like a well-blown line in jazz. The paper shapes themselves start as regular forms: spoked wheels, geometric grids, or a sheet perforated with spaced holes. Most of them are spares, leftovers from earlier "multiple" projects. But because there is so much small-scale chance involved in the casting and drying, they come out lace-winged and irregular; and Shields compounds their variations, sometimes with breathtaking elegance.

Alan Shields

Visher Now superimposes two of these stained, circular webs over a ground of broad bands, the colors ranging from malachite green to Naples yellow, but keyed to a dark, brownish plum in the background. It is the kind of "decorative" work that actually transcends the fixed qualities of decorative art by making one party to its visual mechanisms: the decisions about placement and tuning and chance and drawing that it incorporates. One sees a highly charged sensibility at work, not just a pat and pleasing configuration. Occasionally a metaphor of the larger world seeps in: *Rose Cloud Crowd*, with its floating spots of pink cumulus, is undeniably a seascape, and there is a piece with bitten fragments of paper riding on a gray field that looks like a nautical chart of islands and reminds one that Shields, when not in the studio, is a constant and obsessive angler—a name to frighten every weakfish in the Peconic Bays. But in general, it is process and material and color, rather than imagery, that generate the poem; and they are enough.

John Alexander

—By Robert Hughes

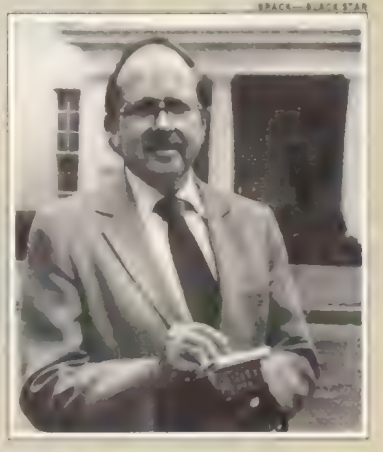
Press

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Going Too Easy on Reagan?

The press conference questioning last week of Ronald Reagan, polite but persistent, surprised even the journalists themselves. William Safire called it the "tensest" Reagan conference so far. The controversy over Jimmy Carter's briefing book may soon fade, but the sharper questioning suggests a changing attitude in the press. Antagonism between the President and the press corps has been at its lowest level in 20 years. The civility has been welcome, but has the public interest been served? Lou Cannon, White House correspondent of the Washington *Post* and author of a first-rate biography of Ronald Reagan, says, "I think he's getting a fairer press than he deserves. I think we should be more critical."

A number of Cannon's colleagues do not believe they are being charmed, disarmed or taken in, but they do think they are being outmaneuvered by Reagan's people and are frustrated. Some of these irritations were discussed recently on Hodding Carter's *Inside Story* on PBS. Jody Powell remembered how he worried, as Jimmy Carter's press secretary, about whether a bitter and cynical press corps had become "a permanent fixture in American politics." Under Reagan, Powell acknowledged, the hostility on both sides has ebbed: "Most reporters I talk to say they generally sort of like the guy." Nonetheless they feel used.


Reporter Cannon: "I care about him"

The White House puts Reagan before TV cameras in controlled settings where he looks good, but how about the reality? How much does the President actually know about the decisions he makes? Most reporters are kept at a distance, limited in their White House access. Working from Reagan's speeches or off-the-cuff remarks, they often find themselves having to correct his misstatements of fact. "The operative word is ignorant," Curtis Wilkie, a Washington correspondent for the Boston *Globe*, told Hodding Carter. "He's lazy. He's not stupid. He's shrewd. He's a smart politician." Sam Donaldson of ABC added: "You combine a very mechanized, ruthless ability to control the flow of news and Mr. Reagan's absence of a lot of depth . . . and you have a situation that just drives us up the wall."

William Greider, who wrote the famous David Stockman interview for the *Atlantic*, warned, "I think we'll be shocked in future years when we learn more about the decision making in this Administration." Helen Thomas, that dogged veteran reporter for United Press International, argued, "The people around Reagan have got him in a cocoon. They feed us just enough to keep us busy." Andrea Mitchell of NBC *Nightly News* added, "I schlepped all the way out to Billings, Mont., for a picture of Reagan in a stagecoach and was never given a chance to ask him a question. We're frustrated."

Cannon recently angered the White House with a Page One report that the President had been "rambling" and "confused" in briefing a handful of reporters. But Cannon insisted, "I care about him. I don't ever want to take a cheap shot at him." He thinks Reagan gets the benefit of the doubt on "marginal or close calls because of his genuineness." Reagan also gains, Cannon believes, from a new mood of "a Restoration, not of the Johnson and Nixon imperial presidencies, but of a larger-than-life presidency. Everyone wants our Presidents to be up on a pedestal a little." The problem, in covering Reagan, "requires showing a negative—what he *doesn't* know—and that's hard to do inside our concept of objective journalism. But not covering Reagan as toughly as we should is doing everyone a disservice, including him."

Ronald Reagan has an enviable skill at winning on the "atmospherics" even when he loses in the fine print. At press conferences, reporters hesitate to appear too fractious at pinning him down, which has hitherto made for softer questioning. No one wants to return to the abrasiveness of the recent past. But the press defaults on its job when casual, inexact presidential explanations and televised staged events are not balanced by tougher-minded reporting.

The Good Little Bad Little Boy

At 22, Comedian Eddie Murphy has become a multimedia star

Ever hear an audience smile? No? Then go see Eddie Murphy in *Trading Places*. You won't hear it when he makes his first appearance on-screen, as a not-blind, unlame beggar; that's the time when the moviehouse erupts with cheers and whistles and rhythmic chants of "Ed-die! Ed-die!" Nor is it when his mouth gapes into an innocent, megawatt smile; that is the occasion for a huge communal laugh. No, it is when he is just standing there, waiting for some other actor to set up a screwball twist to the plot, that Eddie Murphy's effect on people is easiest to measure. In those quiet moments, 2,000 moviegoers turn into so many pussycats, purring contentedly, basking in the delight that is both provided and experienced by a 22-year-old black man in what is only his second feature film. In the 1,368 theaters where *Trading Places* is on display, you can hear an audience smile.

To convince people that you are funny is tough enough. That demands talent, resilience, digital-watch timing, an amplitude of self-confidence that never spills over into arrogance, and Eddie Murphy has it all. But for people to like you is something else, something more difficult to define: a gift, a charm, a comedic sex appeal. Murphy's bad-boy street patter, with four-letter words used less to shock or threaten than to salt his jokes with the rhythm of machismo, carries with it an inner-city demand for respect. Then suddenly his handsome face flashes a good-boy dimple, and out of his mouth comes the laugh that sounds like a happy goose crossed with a stopped-up vacuum cleaner, and the audience cracks up. Very bad Eddie, very good Eddie, his fans love them both. More than any other entertainer in recent memory, Eddie Murphy just plain makes people feel good.

And now, like any other smart young American dreamer, Murphy is marketing his broad appeal in four major media: TV, records, concerts and movies. Consider this jet-blast ride to stardom.

Three years ago, the kid from Brooklyn won a job as a featured player on NBC's revamped *Saturday Night Live;* he was paid $750 a show. "His effect was dazzling," says John Landis, his director on *Trading Places*, of those early shows. "There was a *ding!* when he walked on, almost like Marilyn Monroe." Soon he was the program's one breakout star. Next season he will return for at least ten shows, at $30,000 an appearance.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR TIME BY TED THAI

Clap hands, here comes Eddie: applause for America's happiest new millionaire

Talent, confidence, digital-watch timing and a whole lot of sex appeal

Last year Murphy recorded an album of his stand-up comedy at the Comic Strip in Manhattan, where a few years earlier he had been working for peanut shells. The LP, an undisciplined 48 minutes mixing raunchy insults with on-target family humor, copped two Grammy nominations and has sold 250,000 copies.

Later this summer Murphy goes on his first concert tour—35 gigs in 17 cities—a new country waiting to be conquered. His five concerts at the Westbury Music Fair in Long Island, N.Y., which are nearly sold out, will be recorded for another album, and his Washington, D.C., appearances taped for an HBO special and a Paramount video cassette. These last two spin-offs should earn him $1 million.

The neophyte actor took a couple of Richard Pryor hand-me-down roles and parlayed them into movie stardom. In *48 HRS.*, released last Christmas, Murphy played a sassy convict sprung from stir for two days to help Tough Cop Nick Nolte catch a couple of killers. The film's director, Walter Hill, says of Eddie: "This kid is so enormously talented he can get away with anything." This time Eddie ran away with the movie: *48 HRS.*, for which he was paid $200,000, has tallied an imposing $78 million at the box office so far.

The bandwagon rolls on with *Trading Places*, a loose-limbed comedy in which Lowlife Eddie and Blueblood Dan Aykroyd are forced to switch roles, and then get even with the two greedy geezers who did them dirt. It is the summer's lone comedy hit, grossing $30 million in its first three weeks of release. "Eddie is definitely a movie star now," says Landis. "And he's too smart not to realize how good he is." Paramount realizes too. Last week the studio signed Eddie to an exclusive five-picture deal with a $15 million guarantee. This puts him in the movies' major leagues next to Burt Reynolds and Clint Eastwood—"Now those guys are movie stars!" says Eddie, modest for a moment. And up there even with Richard Pryor.

Pryor, the most popular black actor in movie history, was one of Murphy's early comedy heroes; as a fledgling professional comic, Murphy used to perform an entire act using Pryor's material, calling it "A Tribute to Richard Pryor." Both performers have won the multiracial mass movie audiences, and both have swum in the dark blue undercurrents of ethnic humor. Since meeting Murphy on an airplane last year, Pryor has been "very kind and gen-

erous to me, offering all kinds of advice I've started calling him Yoda. When I told him I was thinking of leaving *Saturday Night Live*, Richard said"—and here Murphy shifts into a perfect impression of the Jedi sage—" 'You must learn all you can, Eddie. Take all you can learn.' "

Long before he met Pryor, Murphy had learned to admire the artist, not imitate his excesses. Pryor was and remains a street kid, always in trouble or on the move, honing his hostility into a fine and angry art. Murphy, as Landis notes, "has solid middle-class values. Put it another way: he's too vain to destroy himself." He does not smoke, drink or use drugs, and even after he hit it big on *SNL*, he continued to live in his suburban home with his mother, stepfather and half brother Vernon Jr., 16. "Being black has never been a hindrance to me," Murphy says. "I've been called 'nigger' only once in my life. There's very little anger in my humor." Pryor's movie characters show the resentment and vulnerability of the underdog; Eddie, in front of the cameras or away from them, is a hot dog, full of sass and guileless assurance. The Murphy analysis: "Richard's funny as the victim, but I'm funnier when I try to fight back. Maybe the star of the '90s will be the funny black guy who runs the show. It would be nice to see that progression."

The other big difference between the two men is that Murphy shot into prominence within the dangerous discipline of television sketch comedy. From TV's long and distinguished list of skitcom graduates, the few who made a successful transition to movie stardom were usually those who had created and sustained their own ingratiating personalities on the small screen: Goldie Hawn's daffy blond, Chevy Chase's overage preppie, Bill Murray's blitzed-out party guy. The other group—the inspired mimics who hid themselves behind the galaxy of comic characters they portrayed—looked both stretched and cramped when, in a movie, they were required to inhabit only one personality. From Sid Caesar and Carol Burnett to Lily Tomlin, Gilda Radner and Aykroyd, these performers had enough energy and scarifying talent to burst out of the small screen, but lacked the strong, smooth identities that Hollywood could package as star quality.

Eddie Murphy is the first of skitcom's major mimics to span the gap. On *SNL* he presents a roster of hilariously varied characters. One minute he is Little Richard Simmons, finding just the right comic fusion—effeminate yet macho—of the rock-'n'-roll screamer and the Liberace of aerobics ("Good golly, Miss Molly, you look like a *hog*!"). The next he is Velvet Jones, a pomaded pimp, with teeth like sheathed knives, huckstering his how-to books for young ladies, *I Wanna Be a Ho* and *Exercises of Love*. Now he is Tyrone Green, an illiterate convict lionized by radical chic for his vengeful poetry ("Cill My Lanlord") and moving with the mean swagger of a ghetto goon pulling off his toughest scam. A few commercials later, he is Tyrone's spiritual cousin, Film Critic Raheem Abdul Muhammad, fashioning a variation on local-news patter—"Angry Talk"—as he accuses Jerry Falwell's followers of having a sneaking fondness for dirty movies ("The next time I see one of them in a movie line I'm gonna put the majority of my foot up his moral butt"). Murphy can do creepily precise parodies of Bill Cosby, Stevie Wonder and the Mandinka-coiffed Mr. T. If venom rather than vinegar laced these creations, they would prove too toxic for the TV audience. But behind them is the impish good will of a little boy exercising his craft, cadging merrily for laughs.

Murphy's palette holds softer shades too. One character, known as Solomon, is every happy-sad old man you ever edged away from on the bus; he spars gingerly with an old pal, croaks a song or two and returns without warning to the attic of reverie. Look behind the electrified hair and the cunningly garbled consonants of Murphy's Buckwheat, a resurrection of the character from the *Our Gang* comedies, and you will find a showbiz paradigm: the exploitation of a smile and a conspicuous lack of talent into big bucks. Whites are not immune either. He can metamorphose into Gumby, the '50s cartoon character who has somehow aged into a carping Catskills comic; or a late-show pitchman, peddling Galactic Prophylactics and the Funeral in a Cab; or a suburban dandy, with attitudes and accent straight off the Main Line; or even an Irish priest, his brogue as thick as a County Clare mist.

In his two movies he is none of these characters; he is an actor named Eddie Murphy, and that is plenty. Both *48 HRS.* and *Trading Places* are shaggy, shambling films that often trip over their own loose ends. But both are immensely likable, partly because Murphy finds places where

On *Saturday Night Live*, clockwise from lower left: as Solomon and Mr. T; imitating and accompanying Stevie Wonder; as Velvet Jones. Lower right: as Billy Ray in *Trading Places*

he can have fun, perform extended comic riffs, give his ingenuity a brisk walk. In *48 HRS.* he stops the show when he suddenly takes charge, with a little gunplay and a lot of nonchalance, in a rowdy bar full of rednecks. And as Billy Ray Valentine in *Trading Places* he gets to impersonate an exchange student from Cameroon and a bantam rooster practicing Kung Fu.

One thing that makes *Trading Places* an audience delight is Murphy's transformation from parasite to plutocrat. Plunked down in Aykroyd's Philadelphia town house by scheming Capitalists Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche, Eddie tries to pocket every heirloom in sight before he realizes that the place is, for the moment, his. Soon enough, when some of his rowdy friends drop by to party, he is the stern property owner ("Haven't you people ever heard of *coasters*?"). Later he is completely at home in a posh dining club: someone asks his advice on commodities futures, and the room falls silent as everyone strains to hear what the master has to say. When Eddie talks, people listen.

Eddie Murphy has been talking, almost nonstop, since he was born in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn in 1961. "He was such a lovable kid," his mother Lillian, 41, recalls. "He'd sit on your lap until you moved him. Your leg would fall asleep, and he'd still be sitting there." Eddie's parents separated when he was three. Soon after, when his mother had an extended stay in the hospital, he and his older brother Charles, now 23, were placed in the care of a woman Eddie recalls as "a kind of black Nazi. One day she gave us pigs' tails for dinner, and then, when I told my grandmother that we were being fed snakes, the woman grabbed Charles and whipped him. Those were *baaaad* days. Staying with her was probably the reason I became a comedian."

Eddie's stepfather, Vernon Lynch, a soft-spoken man of 50 whom Lillian married when Eddie was nine, says the boy "hated to touch anything nasty. He would always wash his hands right after taking out the garbage. I used to tell him that when he grew up he'd better get a degree and sit behind a big desk so other people could do the dirty work." At school, Eddie cut an ungainly figure. "I had a pot belly, brown frame glasses and a bald head," he insists. "One day in the third grade, Mr. Wunch came into class and said that whoever made up the best story would win an Eskimo Pie. I cracked the kids up with a story about rice and Orientals. It was my first performance. And guess who won the pie!"

Eddie traces his "warped" sense of humor to a childhood lived in front of the TV set. He perfected impressions of Bugs Bunny, Tom and Jerry, Laurel and Hardy, Martin and Lewis. "You'd never be sitting around with just Eddie," says his mother, "always with some other character." *Trading Places* Landis sees Murphy's "brilliant view of show business" as rooted in those early video perceptions. "I grew up hooked on TV, but Eddie *is* TV. His world experience comes from the tube."

Eddie's family moved to Roosevelt, Long Island, when he was ten. A small lad who was not athletic (even today he watches few sports events because, he says, "I can't stand seeing other people excel at something I can't do"), Eddie rose to the recourse of any budding comic: the fine foul art of "ranking." Light insults were his way of making friends. It worked: by the end of high school he was voted the most popular boy in class. In 1976, when he was only 15, he gave his first stage performance, an impersonation of the smooth soul singer Al Green, at a youth center in Roosevelt. "I looked *soooo* good to those little girls," he laughs. "They'd squeal at my every move. Looking out at the audience, I knew that I was show biz for the rest of my life."

Schoolwork was no priority for the budding Mr. Show Biz. "I was articulate, with a strong vocabulary, but most of the courses bored me. I mean, E = mc² who gives a damn? My focus was my comedy. You could usually find me in the lunchroom trying out my routines on the kids to perform them in clubs later that night." His career and his ego both took a jolt when he was forced to repeat the tenth grade. "As vain as I was," he says, "I don't have to tell you what that did to me. Well, I went to summer school, to night school, I doubled up on classes, and I graduated only a couple of months late. I still wake up in a sweat sometimes from dreaming that I didn't graduate from high school." Under his senior yearbook photo, Murphy composed this motto: "All men are sculptors, constantly chipping away the unwanted parts of their lives, trying to create their idea of a masterpiece." The career citation read, "Future plans: Comedian." Within two years of graduation he was a regular performer on *Saturday Night Live*. On the opening night of his second season, Little Richard Simmons minced on-screen, and Eddie Murphy was suddenly that living cliché, the overnight success.

Eddie, age eight, and with Pals Lawrence, Smith and Tienken

Not many get a handle on him. That would slow him down.

Now that he is this year's show-business phenom, Murphy is taking his eminence as calmly as any child would who woke up one day to find himself proclaimed king of Disneyland. His modest split-level home, only a few minutes from his mother's, boasts not much more than a dime-store print of Emmett Kelly and a bookcase containing the *Encyclopedia Americana*—oh, that and his 4-ft. Mitsubishi TV screen in the den, available to run the tapes Eddie has kept of his Barbara Walters and Johnny Carson interviews. Though his 5-ft. 10-in. body carries a taut 160 lbs., he seems to exist on junk food: giant cream sodas, a 39¢ package of cinnamon buns and the vagrant slice of pizza are a major part of his diet. It is as if he can fend off the adult demands of stardom by treating life as one long summer vacation.

He has also ringed himself with a circle of familial trust. "I don't think he lets too many people get a handle on him," says Actress Jamie Lee Curtis, who plays a good-hearted hooker in *Trading Places*. "That would slow him down." Murphy has become best buddies with Joe Piscopo, 32, the adroit, rubber-faced comic actor who is the closest thing to Dan Aykroyd on the new *SNL*; next month Eddie will move into a new house a mile away from Piscopo in Alpine, N.J. Otherwise, his best friends are his oldest friends. One of them, Clinton Smith, is an assistant to *Saturday Night Live* Executive Producer Dick Ebersol. Another, Derrick Lawrence, 28, has signed on with Eddie Murphy Productions as an all-purpose aide-de-camp. "I'd been laid off from my job," Lawrence recalls, "and Eddie asked me if I wanted to work for him. I love Eddie for it and I always will. I'm like his Knight of the Round Table. I'll serve him till the day I die."

Murphy is enjoying the fruits of success: a Jaguar and a Porsche, an extravagant leather wardrobe, mountains of jew-

elry. (Says Richard Tienken, who, with Robert Wachs, owns the Comic Strip and manages Murphy's career: "He's the only comedian who dresses like a rock star.") Richard Avedon has photographed Eddie for the cover of *Rolling Stone*; in its September issue, *Playgirl* will proclaim him one of the ten sexiest men in America; he has thunderstormed his family and friends with costly gifts. But not even Sir Derrick of the Round Table can fend off the demands on King Eddie's time. "I have no privacy at all," Eddie notes solemnly. "It used to be that I couldn't walk down the street in peace. Now I'm followed by people even when I go for a drive. They want to pull over and talk."

Jamie Lee Curtis puts Murphy's leap to stardom in perspective: "I love it that despite all his success, Eddie acts like he's 22 years old. His life is cars and girls, girls and cars. More cars. More girls." Last September Murphy broke off with Shirley Fowler, a student of social work at the University of Pittsburgh, and is now assiduously playing the field. Observes Walter Hill: "Eddie can hear the rustle of nylon stockings at 50 yards." If anything bugs Murphy, it is the matter of image: "I don't think that entertainers should be heroes or preachers. If people want to imitate my drug-free life, fine. But I'm not trying to make any statements with it. Onstage, my subconscious takes over, and what I'm about comes out. But I'm not very political. I don't even vote. The way I see it, the President does what he wants to do, and if we do what we want, we don't have to be affected."

Murphy is his own greatest booster, his own severest critic. "One drawback to making it so young," he notes dispassionately, "is that I have to grow in the public eye. I still think of myself as a stand-up comedian, a performer, not a movie actor. Certainly not, at this point, a movie star. I do still get a kick out of seeing myself on a movie screen, 30 ft. high, though the oh-wow-I'm-in-a-movie period has left me. Some day, I'd like to produce and direct pictures. But the biggest kick is thinking that 50 years from now, people might be watching me on the Channel 9 late movie after Joe Franklin, and commenting on how the young Eddie Murphy looked."

Fifty years is a long time. Perhaps Eddie Murphy will show nothing more than firefly form: a flash of lightning followed by critical and popular pans. Perhaps he will tire of squeaky-clean living and head for Pryor-like self-immolation. Perhaps he will cease to be an entertainment event and become an agreeable habit, working a Vegas lounge, living on tired blood and the public's memories. But if he keeps going as he is going now—young, gifted, black and hot—he can hope for the ultimate backhanded compliment. On a *Saturday Night Live* in 2033, some bright young comic will trot out his famous Eddie Murphy impression. And everyone will still be smiling. —*By Richard Corliss.*
Reported by Elaine Dutka/New York

Cinema

Meditations on Celebrity

ZELIG *Directed and Written by Woody Allen*

"Cole Porter was fascinated by him," recalls a witness. "He wrote a song: *You're the Top, You're Leonard Zelig*. But he couldn't find anything to rhyme with Zelig."

Cole Porter was not alone. In his time, the '20s and '30s, the whole world was bewitched by the strange case of a human chameleon so eager to be liked that he developed the capacity literally to change accent, shape and even color in order to ingratiate himself with whomever he happened to be with. One day Scott Fitzgerald noticed him at a Gatsby-like Long Island party; the next, he was sitting in with a black jazz band at a Chicago speakeasy. Soon enough, Presidents and prizefighters, pundits and publishers were seeking him out. And where they led, the newspapers, the admen, Hollywood and all the other hustlers followed.

Zelig (Woody Allen) flanked by some other celebrities, Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover

A human chameleon so eager to be liked that he changes accent, shape and color.

To tell the story of a first-generation American, who like many of his ilk would undergo any contortion in order to join the national mainstream, Woody Allen (who plays Zelig) has chosen a form that is utterly original in conception and exhilarating in execution. It is a parody of a television documentary, one of those compilations of old newsreels, scratchy recordings and animated stills held together by a voice-over narration. This material is supported by modern interviews, shot in jarring color, in which aged witnesses (among them Mia Farrow, who plays his psychiatric savior) testify about Zelig's life. They are abetted by modern "experts," among them Saul Bellow, Susan Sontag, Irving Howe and Bruno Bettelheim, in effect playing themselves playing themselves. Like Allen, they have perfect pitch. But Allen skewers not only the modern TV form but the loopy manner of the show's antique sources. Dick Hyman contributes songs like *You May Be Six People, but I Love You* that catch the flavor of hasty topicality, and Cinematographer Gordon Willis recaptures the conventions of oldtime photography. The match between his footage and genuine historical shots is perfect.

Zelig is the culmination of a long quest by Allen. He is virtually the only celebrity who has continually investigated the values and liabilities of his own status. Three years ago, in *Stardust Memories*, he attempted to order these thoughts on film and was roundly criticized for so doing. In that story of a comedian oppressed by his own fame, he was unable to achieve the distance and objectivity he needed. *Zelig's* form provides both. Acutely satirizing mediaspeak, the film hilariously exposes the vulgarizations and misleading distortions of that language. At the same time, it touchingly demonstrates that celebrity is a kind of victimization, capable of claiming the souls of those who have some skill or talent, no matter how strange or silly, that is marketable.

Like all of Allen's best work, *Zelig* is, finally, a comedy of manners—public manners in this case, not private ones as in *Annie Hall* or *Manhattan*. In Yiddish it means blessed, and *Zelig* is, surely, in the midst of a typical American summer at the movies when almost everything is a loud assault on the senses, a benison. It is both a welcome wooing of sensibility and intellect and a film that will be recalled long after Labor Day has come and gone. —*By Richard Schickel*

How the Sexual Revolution Began

SLOUCHING TOWARDS KALAMAZOO *by Peter De Vries*
Little, Brown; 241 pages; $13.95

Author Peter De Vries, 73, has a funny habit of stuffing his works with recondite information. *Slouching Towards Kalamazoo*, his 21st book of fiction, carries on this 31-year-old tradition. Where did the term all hell broke loose first appear? John Milton's *Paradise Lost*. What did Nietzsche say on the subject of comedy? "That man has invented laughter because he of all species needs it." Why did Ralph Waldo Emerson quit the ministry? "He couldn't swallow the last supper." How, including names and dates, did the U.S. sexual revolution actually begin?

Wait a minute. This time De Vries has gone too far. Hordes of historians, squads of sociologists have despaired of a single answer. On the other hand, perhaps their field research did not alert them to a long-ago incident: the time is the early 1960s, the setting a small, deservedly obscure village in North Dakota. Anthony Thrasher, 15, lives here and calls the place Ulalume. This allusion to the verse of Edgar Allan Poe helps explain why the boy is still languishing in the eighth grade. He suffers from premature sophistication.

Tony's precocious third-grade essay, "Why I Would Hate to Be a Basement," has long been enshrined in local lore, but his early academic promise has led only to idle fancying. Miss Doubloon, the lad's current teacher, explains to his anxious parents: "He would rather read novels in which the characters toy with a little Brie while waiting for their friends to turn up along the boulevard. If we can't get Anthony to concentrate, and hard, on the War of 1812 and obtuse triangles—" The pupil interrupts: "Like the dumb postmaster and his wife and that boarder they say is fooling around with her, speaking of obtuse triangles?"

Desperate measures are clearly required. Tony's minister father offers to pay Miss Doubloon for the young wag's private tutoring. She agrees and sets her room in the local boardinghouse as the appointed place. Her landlady greets Tony's arrival there with dark suspicion. She senses an aura of incipient scandal hovering about Miss Doubloon. The teacher will, in fact, soon ask her class to read *The Scarlet Letter*, provoking local bluenoses to declare: "We're gonna tighten our Bible Belt!" On this snowy winter evening, the landlady's wicked mind proves prescient. Upstairs, after some strained academic proprieties, teacher and student fall into the error of each other's arms.

This unpremeditated coupling seems natural enough; yet De Vries sets the moral equilibrium of an entire nation teetering in its aftermaths. These include pregnancy, mutual guilt, Tony's frightened vision of what marriage to his teacher might mean ("Would I be allowed to whisper and chew gum in the house?"). Before she goes home to bear his child in Kalamazoo, Miss Doubloon strikes a defiant pose on the balcony of her motel, where she has been exiled in disgrace from the boardinghouse. Like Hawthorne's adulterous heroine, the teacher wears a scarlet letter *A* on her chest, with one modern addition: a plus sign on the right side. A badge of shame becomes, presto, a sexual advertisement; the event heralds "the birth of the 20th century T shirt."

Tony is not halfway to the end of his adventures when he follows Miss Doubloon to her home town. Absurdities interrupt non sequiturs. Plot grows so complicated that it seems easier to tell than summarize. But De Vries is only half kidding. The fine cutting edge of his comic vision comes, as always, from the sense that there is hell to pay. The author, a resident staffer at *The New Yorker*, was raised a Dutch Calvinist, and he is a past master at striking antithetical poses. He is at once the liberal humanist, tolerantly condoning free expression and yearnings of the flesh; he is also the hooded inquisitor, meting out appropriate punishment whenever anyone tries to have a little fun.

In *Slouching Towards Kalamazoo*, De Vries makes that conflict both hilarious and explicit. Tony's father debates a local dermatologist, who happens to be the town's most vocal atheist, on the subject of Christian belief. Their spirited exchange, waged before an enthralled and partisan audience of locals, is declared a draw. But the combatants have persuaded each other to switch positions. The minister resigns his post and faith, moves east and becomes a suave, voice-over pitchman in dog food TV commercials; the doctor takes up tub-thumping evangelical crusading. Late in the novel, a rematch is arranged. Once again, the debaters each wind up convinced that the other is right, but this time they embrace on the middle ground of skeptical belief. Tony gladly joins them: "My new mystique is the more constructive in that I am both cursing the darkness and lighting a candle."

Perhaps the only force that can embrace these opposites is the meliorism of humor, which happily abounds in this novel. The author's favorite trick is the fast shuffle, the scrambling of conventional wisdom to produce a comic insight. Describing an unconsummated love affair, Tony says that "the spirit is willing but the flesh is strong." And this wayward narrator even pretends that being funny is not what he has on his mind at all. Objecting to the word, he plans "never to chuckle, neither do I wish to be the cause of others' doing so." On this point, as on so many others, De Vries cannot be serious.

—By Paul Gray

Peter De Vries: there is always hell to pay

Excerpt

"In the beginning was the word. Once terms like identity doubts and midlife crisis become current, the reported cases of them increase by leaps and bounds, affecting people unaware there is anything wrong with them until they have got a load of the coinages. You too may have an acquaintance or even relative with a block about paperhanging or dog grooming, a highflown form of stagnation trickled down from writers and artists. Once my poor dear mother confided to me in a hollow whisper, 'I have an identity crisis.' I says, 'How do you mean?' and she says, 'I no longer understand your father.' Now we have burnout, and having heard tell of it on television or read about it in a magazine, your plumber doubts he can any longer hack it as a pipefitter, while a glossary adopted by his wife has turned him overnight into . . . a male chauvinist pig, something she would never have suspected before."

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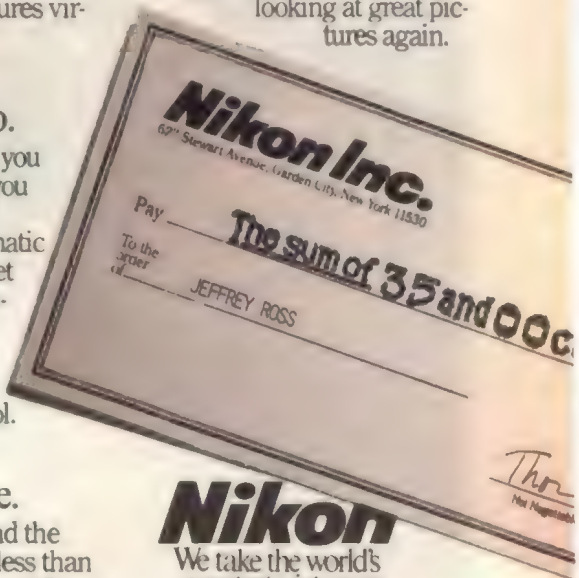

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THE EUROPEANS
by Luigi Barzini
Simon & Schuster; 267 pages; $14.95

Ah, Europe: cradle of culture and liberty, land of a hundred dialects, a thousand wines, 200 million opinions. Luigi Barzini, veteran journalist and author of a 1964 bestseller about his own tribe, *The Italians*, looks upon the Continent's rich diversity of tradition and thought—and despairs.

Despite compelling economic and security arguments for unity, Europeans remain a bunch of squabbling cousins. "What," he wonders, "are the obscure forces preventing the coagulation of Western Europe into a solid whole, as easily as liquid milk curdles into a block of fresh cheese as soon as the rennet is dropped into it?" The most apparent obstacle, he suggests, is national pride, the belief of each country that it alone "has contributed in a decisive manner to European (and the world's) civilization."

According to Barzini's saline account, one of Britain's most potent gifts to Europe was the black suit, a Continental uniform during the 19th century. This austere garment symbolized the qualities of sobriety, decency and steadiness that, along with those prodigious coal mines, allowed Britain to dominate the world for decades. The dark myth of British superiority persisted long after the country's decline, and led Britain in the 1950s to a disastrous delay in condescending to join the Common Market.

Now, Barzini observes, "nobody wears black unless he has to, and the empire has gone the ways of Nineveh and Tyre, its domination of the world is over, the awesome fleet and the tentacular intelligence service are but memories, and the sagacity of its statesmen almost (but not entirely) vanished." Nevertheless, says Barzini, the Britons realize their limitations. *Hélas*, the French do not. They insist upon being treated as Europe's grandest military, economic, cultural and gustatory power. In fact, he notes, "foreigners have to remind themselves they are not dealing with a country that really exists, a country many of them love, with its admirable past and its actual respectable achievements, potentials, and capacities, but with a country that most Frenchmen dream still exists." That, he suggests, is why the French are "best led with consoling and inebriating half truths."

The Italians, by contrast, are trying to shed their past. "It is not true that they enjoy and are at their best living precariously in a disorderly country," insists the author. Instead, "they have dreamed the same impossible dream of being one day governed with freedom and justice, of being able to dedicate their energies solely to their work and not to the task of avoiding

Luigi Barzini

Lined, expressive, Atlantic Man personified

cramping and frustrating laws or defending themselves from dangerous and powerful enemies." *Paesanos* fantasize about "living an honorable, transparent life in peace in an honorable, transparent country in which there should be no need to lie. The dream can be traced down the centuries in many documents, books, poems and paintings." *Che sfortuna*, a handful of Italians, most of them politicians, do not share that vision, and pandemonium reigns.

Barzini is wariest of his neighbors to the north. He believes with Nietzsche that "the German soul has corridors, caves, hiding-places, dungeons; the German is acquainted with the hidden paths to chaos." Postwar West Germany may now be as tame as pre-Bismarck Germany, he concedes, but there remain troubling streaks of romanticism, fickleness and compulsion. He believes that all Germans dream of reunification; as a result, their partners fear they might succumb to a separate deal with the Soviets.

Barzini's most piquant chapter is devoted to that most "peculiarly European nation," the U.S. This "annex" of Europe has blood ties to the old soil; it is even proudly producing more and more excellent wines. And, like its fellow countries, it suffers from Barzini's law: "Nations, organizations, institutions, bodies or single human beings are never as powerful, intelligent, far-seeing, efficient and dangerous as they seem to their enemies."

Accordingly, the U.S. stares suspiciously at the Soviet Union, which stares back; and France, Italy, Britain, Germany bristle at one another. The only immediate way to unite this jittery group would be "the Soviet way, by the neutralization of all Europe," and this is "against the na-

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Books

ture of things." Conclusion: "One must be content with what there is, for the time being anyway. The future is in the laps of the gods." That has been its location all along, of course, and Barzini, like any good Italian, is happy to let it rest there.

■ ■ ■

Luigi Barzini, 74, is Atlantic Man personified. He was born in Milan, educated at Columbia University and regularly commutes between Europe and the U.S. Even to nonreaders in Italy, his lined, expressive face seems as familiar as a character actor's. For 14 years he was a Liberal deputy in the Italian parliament, resigning in 1972 to become a full-time writer. Today Barzini enjoys his role of gentleman-farmer among the olive groves and vineyards of an estate north of Rome. There he recently reminisced with a longtime acquaintance, TIME Paris Bureau Chief Jordan Bonfante. A sampling of Barzini's views:

On meeting Adolf Hitler in 1934. He looked like someone out of a circus—a clown. He had that strange mustache. His ideas were out of this world. I thought he would be there just for a few months.

On Charles de Gaulle. He was the most impressive leader I ever met, far-seeing in a certain way, and yet a man of the 19th century. He knew the French very well; that is why his foreign policy was so well accepted: defense of French dignity and grandeur.

On François Mitterrand. He is a very reasonable man in foreign affairs, less timid than Georges Pompidou and Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. We can only approve of Mitterrand's foreign policy. But he has inherited an unfortunate situation which he cannot change: French military strategy.

On President Reagan. He represents a certain tendency in foreign policy conduct, the best example of which was Teddy Roosevelt. They both believe that America is the repository of certain fundamental truths, and America must make them triumph all over the world. From this comes American impatience and, sometimes, American intervention.

On Margaret Thatcher. She is somewhat the same sort. Like Reagan, she comes from the provincial middle class, and, like Reagan, she inherited the ideals of other generations, which are still alive in a large part of the British public. The Falklands war can be compared to the last victorious expedition of the Republic of Venice [in 1786], only a few years before her end, against the Bey of Tunis.

On prospects for European integration. Past attempts, like those of Napoleon and Hitler, were to unite Europe by war. There could be an economic depression of such magnitude that the Europeans would have to join forces. Or the rise of a magnetic personality who could dominate all of Europe. None of these would I look forward to. Perhaps the best thing is to trust in the slow progress of reason. —*By Donald Morrison*

A Man Who Believed in Mankind

R. Buckminster Fuller: 1895-1983

He was an American original, a cranky genius and an ingenious crank. He liked to call himself "an engineer, inventor, mathematician, architect, cartographer, philosopher, poet, cosmologist, comprehensive designer and choreographer." He was also a mystical optimist who believed in the survival of mankind against whatever odds.

Through technology, R. (for Richard) Buckminster Fuller would say, "man can do anything he needs to do." He urged young people to "reform the environment instead of trying to reform man." He argued, in the face of the Malthusian theory of human overpopulation and ultimate self-destruction, that "the entire population of the earth could live compactly on a properly designed Haiti and comfortably on the British Isles." He once declared that "man has the capability through proper planning and use of natural resources to forever feed himself and house himself and live in workless leisure." He dreamed of mile-high floating cities and of a Manhattan enshrouded in a gargantuan plastic dome. But he was more than just a dreamer. When he died of a heart attack last week at 87, while visiting his wife at a Los Angeles hospital, "Bucky" Fuller left behind him, in the real world, thousands of geodesic domes that are used as theaters, auditoriums and defense facilities as well as dwelling places.

The descendant of a distinguished New England family, Fuller was the fifth generation of his family to go to Harvard. He was expelled in 1914 for blowing his tuition and expense money on a spree for the

Fuller on TIME (Jan. 10, 1964) cover

"Humanity has the option to make it."

members of a Broadway chorus line. He worked in a Canadian machinery factory, was invited back to Harvard, was expelled for a second time, served in the Navy during World War I and went on to study science at the Naval Academy in Annapolis. During the 1920s he spent five years in an alcoholic depression following the death of a four-year-old daughter. One night in 1927, while standing on the shore of Lake Michigan, he found himself redeemed from his thoughts of self-destruction by a private vision. He told himself, "You do not have the right to eliminate yourself. You belong to the universe." Years later he explained, "I made a bargain with myself that I'd discover the principles operative in the universe and turn them over to my fellow men."

Then began his years of high creativity. He designed the Dymaxion House, an easily transported structure with roofs hung from a central mast and with outer walls of glass. He sought to give the design to the American Institute of Architects, which haughtily rejected all such "peas-in-the-pod-like reproducible designs." Years later the institute gave Fuller, who never formally studied architecture, a gold medal for his contributions to the field. In the early 1930s he produced the three-wheeled Dymaxion automobile, which attained 120-m.p.h. speeds using a standard 90-h.p. engine. The car was never manufactured commercially. After that, he invented the Dymaxion map, the first to show continents on a flat surface without distortion.

In 1947, Fuller patented the geodesic dome, which used pyramid-shaped tetrahedrons to attain great strength without internal supports and to cover more space with less material than any other building ever designed. The first commercial sale was to the Ford Motor Co. Other geodesic domes housed DEW-line stations in the Arctic, a concert auditorium in Honolulu and the U.S. Pavilion at Expo '67 in Montreal.

Most of Fuller's inventions, though influential, did not make him money. But his tireless preaching in favor of "synergetic" methods of seeking solutions to mankind's problems brought him a wide following. During the last two decades of his life he became a favorite of the hippies of the 1960s, the environmentalists of the 1970s and all who chose to believe with him that "we're at the point where humanity has the option to make it." ■

DIED. Joe Delaney, 24, star halfback of the Kansas City Chiefs; of drowning when he dived into a pond to rescue two floundering boys; in Monroe, La. Smallish for a pro football running back (5 ft. 10 in., 184 lbs.) but remarkably quick and agile, Delaney rushed for a team record of 1,121 yds. and caught 22 passes as a 1981 rookie. The father of three children, one a newborn baby, he first warned the youngsters not to swim in a construction site's 20-ft.-deep water hole, plunged in after them and, although he knew how to swim, went under almost immediately. Both boys also died.

DIED. Maxie Leroy Anderson, 48, daredevil, eye-patched balloonist who captured the world's delighted attention in 1978 when he and two fellow aeronauts made the first transatlantic crossing in the silvery *Double Eagle II;* in a balloon crash; in Brückenau, West Germany. After amassing a mining fortune, Anderson took up ballooning as "a way of entering history." In his final flight, Anderson and frequent Co-Pilot Don Ida, 49, were desperately trying to land before drifting into East Germany when their gondola became detached and the two adventurers plunged 2,000 ft. to their deaths.

DIED. Mary Livingstone, 77, Jack Benny's widow and comedy partner in radio and television; of heart disease; in Los Angeles. Born Sadye Marks, she married Benny in 1927 after he saw her in a May Co. department store. On short notice one night, she assumed the bit role of Corny Poet Mary Livingstone on Benny's radio show, and listener response made her a regular. In 1949 she legally changed her name, claiming, "Even my husband calls me Mary."

DIED. Marion Monroe, 85, child psychologist and co-author of the *Dick and Jane* schoolbooks, which instructed millions of U.S. children to "see Spot run" and to begin reading; in Long Beach, Calif. Written with the late William Gray and others, Monroe's classic primers were widely used from the 1930s until the early '70s, when educators began to favor a stronger phonics approach instead of the "look-say" learning method and to criticize the series' exclusively white middle-class characters.

DIED. Julius J. Hoffman, 87, U.S. district judge who presided over the tumultuous 1969-70 trial of prominent radicals on criminal charges growing out of the riots at Chicago's 1968 Democratic Convention; in Chicago. Hoffman clashed repeatedly with defense attorneys and their clients, ordering Defendant Bobby Seale bound and gagged in the courtroom. An appeals court overturned the five resulting convictions and criticized Hoffman's "deprecatory and often antagonistic attitude" during the Chicago Seven trial.

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Buffalo Bill wins laughs as the most outrageous man on TV

He is a hypocrite, a braggart, a coward and a misogynist. He is sycophantic, grasping, rude and vain. He is also hilarious, the most outrageous character on television. He is Bill Bittinger, a Buffalo talk-show host, brilliantly played by Dabney Coleman, on NBC's new comedy series *Buffalo Bill*. The character is that rarity on television, a star who is a truly unsentimental cad. His lone redeeming feature is his unredeemability. To Buffalo Bill, all women are "bimbos" to be seduced, all men rivals to be traduced. If American viewers had not lost their innocence about unscrupulous TV characters, Bill would snatch it from them.

Buffalo Bill is one of a handful of new series launched by the networks during the normally fallow summer season. The ratings for the half-hour show (Wednesdays, 9:30 p.m. E.D.T.) have been encouraging (it finished in the Nielsen top 30 shows in each of its first three weeks), the critical reaction has been appreciative, and it is a strong candidate for renewal in the fall.

Bill makes a practice of abusing his guests; they become victims, not visitors. To one, he says, "I don't care what the jury said, you look like a rapist to me." He calls a minister a "scuzzbag," a Congressman "a pimp in a business suit," an Italian chef "an immigrant with a Crock Pot." "Me," "my" and "I" are his favorite words. He is forever complaining to his wan, shell-shocked station manager, played by Max Wright, that guests are dull: "Get me ax murderers, a rapist, Freddie Silverman." When he wants to get rid of a possible co-host, he appeals to the Lord—man to man, of course: "I don't know if the concept 'You owe me one' means anything to you up there, but . . ."

The concept of the show originated over a year ago with Executive Producers Tom Patchett and Jay Tarses, both of whom held the same title on the *Bob Newhart Show*. They wanted to mold a sitcom around Dabney Coleman, who had played lecherous male chauvinists in the films *Nine to Five* and *Tootsie*. ("We loved to watch Dabney slither," says Tarses.) Along with NBC Entertainment President Brandon Tartikoff, they devised a small-town TV personality who would sell his first-born to make it to the big time. Tartikoff calls the character "a total sleazebag," comparing him to Archie Bunker but without Archie's tinge of lovableness. Says Producer Dennis Klein: "The only thing civilized about Bill is that he has learned how civilization works and he can fake it."

With his darting eyes and dark mustache, Dabney Coleman, 51, seems to have cornered the market on obnoxious scapegraces. He got his first break as the sanctimonious Rev. Merle Jeeter on *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, and is currently appearing as a harried computer scientist in the movie *WarGames*. "I happen to think I do villains well," says Coleman. "I do them differently. I'm realistic." Indeed, unlike the sneering, comic-book persona of Larry Hagman's J.R., Coleman's Buffalo Bill is an unsettlingly familiar figure, not a caricature. "Everybody knows a Buffalo Bill," notes Tartikoff. "I know several, a couple at NBC."

Buffalo Bill is a departure. Although

Dabney Coleman in front of his favorite beast

A braggart, a hypocrite and a coward

the character is a descendant of Ted Baxter, the buffoonish newscaster of the *Mary Tyler Moore Show*, Bill is the main and vain attraction while Baxter was only a foil. According to Tartikoff, "We were trying to do something different and dangerous. Dangerous meaning the possibly lousy ratings you could get by putting on a character as despicable as Bill." Like NBC's other sophisticated comedy, *Cheers*, *Buffalo Bill* will need time to find a following.

In a recent episode, after a wearying day at the studio in which he has brutalized his assistant and refused to apologize, Bill goes home alone, unrepentant. He dons top hat and tails and proceeds to do a self-adoring imitation of Fred Astaire singing "I'll go my way by myself." It defines him precisely: Buffalo Bill going his own venal way by his own egotistical self. Television often has a way of softening its most venomous characters. Don't let Buffalo Bill become an endangered species. ■

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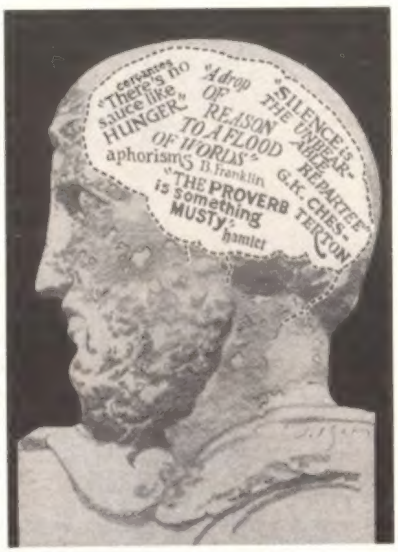
Proverbs or Aphorisms?

There are two classes of people in the world, observed Robert Benchley, "those who constantly divide the people of the world into two classes, and those who do not."

Half of those who divide quote Benchley and his fellow aphorists. The other half prefer proverbs. And why not? The aphorism is a personal observation inflated into a universal truth, a private posing as a general. A proverb is anonymous human history compressed to the size of a seed. "Whom the gods love die young" implies a greater tragedy than anything from Euripides: old people weeping at the grave site of their children. "Love is blind" echoes of gossip in the marketplace, giggling students and clucking counselors: an Elizabethan comedy flowering from three words.

"A proverb," said Cervantes, "is a short sentence based on long experience," and to prove it he had Sancho and his *paisanos* fling those sentences around like pesetas: "There's no sauce in the world like hunger"; "Never look for birds of this year in the nests of the last"; "Patience, and shuffle the cards." His English contemporary was of two minds about folklore, as he was about everything. Hamlet disdains it: "The proverb is something musty." Yet the plays overflow with musty somethings: "Men are April when they woo; December when they wed"; "A little pot and soon hot"; "The fashion wears out more apparel than the man"; and, more to the point, "Patch grief with proverbs."



Like Sancho and Shakespeare, those who praise proverbs favor nature over artifice and peasantry over peerage. Benjamin Franklin always preferred "a drop of reason to a flood of words" and filled *Poor Richard's Almanac* with colonial one-liners: "Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead"; "The used key is always bright." Emerson thought proverbs "the sanctuary of the intuitions." Tolstoy's knowledge of common tradition led him to an encyclopedia of wisdom. Eastern European sayings have always assumed the clarity and force of vodka: "Where the needle goes, the thread follows"; "The devil pours honey into other men's wives"; "The Russian has three strong principles: *perhaps, somehow* and *never mind.*" In the epoch of the Romanoffs, wisdom was the only thing that was shared equally. Cossacks who conducted pogroms and victims in the shtetls flavored their remarks with the same sour salt. Russian: "The rich would have to eat money, but luckily the poor provide food." Yiddish: "If the rich could hire others to die for them, the poor could make a nice living."

No culture is without proverbs, but many are poor in aphorisms, a fact that leads Critic Hugh Kenner to hail the ancient phrases as something "worth saying again and again, descending father to son, mother to daughter, mouth to mouth." Gazing at *The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Proverbs*, he lauds the short and simple annals of the poor. But he holds *The Oxford Book of Aphorisms* at the proverbial arm's length: "What the aphorisms lack is the proverb's ability to generalize. They have the air of brittle special cases: How special indeed my life is! How exceptional!"

But that very air is the oxygen of the epigram. W.H. Auden, who collected and concocted them, readily admitted that "aphorisms are essentially an aristocratic genre. Implicit is a conviction that [the writer] is wiser than his readers." François de La Rochefoucauld was a duke; elbowed out of prominence in Louis XIV's court, he retreated to an estate to polish his words until nobility could see its face in the surface: "We all have strength enough to endure the misfortunes of others"; "In jealousy there is more self-love than love"; "Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue"; "Lovers never get tired of each other, because they are always talking about themselves."

George Savile, first Marquis of Halifax, was alternately in and out of favor with the house of Stuart; his observations were worn smooth by disappointment: "Ambition is either on all fours or on tiptoes"; "The enquiry into a dream is another dream"; "Love is presently out of breath when it is to go uphill, from the children to the parents." By the time aphorisms became the property of the people, commoners had learned to speak like counts. The humbly born Sebastian Chamfort decided that "whoever is not a misanthrope at 40 can never have loved mankind." Nietzsche's phrases bore a strychnine smile: "The thought of suicide is a great consolation; with the help of it one has got through many a bad night"; "Wit closes the coffin on an emotion."

By the mid-19th century, the aphorism had become a favorite of the English. Oscar Wilde exposed the flip side of bromides: "Punctuality is the thief of time"; "Old enough to know worse." But he could be as pontifical as the next prince: "A thing is not necessarily true because a man dies for it"; "One's real life is often the life that one does not lead." George Bernard Shaw saw the aphorism as the new home for political slogans: "All great truths begin as blasphemies." His contemporary G.K. Chesterton was the last master of the paradox: "Silence is the unbearable repartee"; "A figure of speech can often get into a crack too small for a definition"; "Tradition is the democracy of the dead."

That democracy remains in office; the custom of the sharpened axiom continues. Elizabeth Bowen's "Memory is the editor of one's sense of life" is a Shakespearean perception; Peter De Vries' "Gluttony is an emotional escape, a sign that something is eating us" belongs with the best of the Edwardians. Hannah Arendt's observation compresses the century down to a sentence: "Power and violence are opposites; where one rules absolutely, the other is absent."

Yet the aphorists do not enjoy the last frown. Even now, proverb makers are at work. Traditions have to begin somewhere; today folk sayings arise from economics: "There is no such thing as a free lunch"; from the comics: "Keep on truckin' "; and even from computers: "Garbage in, garbage out."

Which, then, has more application to modern life, the people's phrases or the aristocrats'? Not aphorisms, says the proverb: "Fine words butter no parsnips." Not proverbs, insists Alfred North Whitehead's terse dictum: "Seek simplicity and distrust it." Still, both categories are noted not only for their concision but their consolation. Collectors of aphorisms may yet find support from the biblical proverb "Knowledge increaseth strength." As for the partisans of folk sayings, they can for once side with the fastidious William Wordsworth:

Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.

—**By Stefan Kanfer**

Illustration for TIME by Joe Isom

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